



VOL. LIII. No. 7  
New Series

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*

FEBRUARY, 1925



## Articles of Timely Interest

<b>The Matchless Lincoln (Poem)</b> .....	Frontispiece
ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE	
<b>Affairs at Washington</b> .....	291
By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE	
Lincoln's Shrine on the banks of the Potomac	
Busy days in the Senate, but not much accomplished	
The President and his family observed the eclipse	
How Russia helped us at a critical moment—and how she was paid for the service	
Few institutions have helped progress as much as the Postoffice Department	
Reduction of taxes and reparations—two measures planned for early attention of the new Congress	
Congress closing on an optimistic note	
The ills of agriculture to have a systematic diagnosis	
Late chief of branch of U. S. Geological Survey has Alaskan mountain range named for him	
Lower range of wave lengths of more service for public broadcasting than the higher	
In near future every pronouncement of public men to be brought to the homes of the people by Radio	
The social activities at the White House opened with a whirl	
New immigration policy producing concrete results	
White House receptions reflect the hospitality of the old-fashioned New England home	
The new Secretary of State assumes his duties March fourth	
<b>Palestine—the Mecca of the Jews</b> .....	297
The Editor rambles in the heart of the Holy Land	
<b>Everybody's Doing It! What?</b> .....	301
Simon and Schuster originate the Cross-word Puzzle Books that everyone is trying to solve	
<b>A Knight in the Political Arena</b> .....	303
Nicholas Longworth fights fair, keeps faith with his supporters, and exacts the respect of everyone	
<b>The Rose Lover (Poem)</b> .....	304
HUGH DEVERON	
<b>Affairs and Folks</b> .....	305
Sewell Ford, the creator of "Torchy," and "Rusty Gilligan"	
Dr. Charles C. Manning makes educating deaf mutes his life work	
Dr. Lemuel H. Murlin, noted educator, goes to De Pauw University	
James Waterman Wise, author of "Liberalizing Liberal Judaism"	
Grace Kellogg Griffith, traveler, teacher and writer	
Dr. Frank D. Stanton, President of the Boston Club of Applied Psychology	
Frederik Rasmussen, noted authority on dairying	
<b>The Model Playhouse of the World</b> .....	309
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE	
The new E. F. Albee Theatre in Brooklyn one of the finest ever built	
<b>Supervising Adjusted Compensation</b> .....	312
Major General Robert Courtney Davis has an immense task	
<b>The Universal Distributors</b> .....	313
FRED HIGH	
<b>America's Greatest Illusionist</b> .....	316
Howard Thurston fools 'em all with his marvelous effects	
<b>Hits the Ball Where They Ain't!</b> .....	317
WENDELL MCMAHILL	
Rogers Hornsby, heavy hitter of the St. Louis Club, one of the most popular men in baseball	
<b>My Country (Poem)</b> .....	318
WILLIAM F. KIRK	
<b>By Ballots instead of Bullets</b> .....	319
Plutarco Elias Calles is elected President of Mexico without the customary insurrection	
<b>Business, Law and Politics</b> .....	321
William Morgan Butler has had a markedly successful career	
<b>Utah Senator a Power in His Party</b> .....	322
Reed Smoot's career is unique in American politics	
<b>The Mantle Falls on Worthy Shoulders</b> .....	323
Senator Borah of Idaho succeeds Henry Cabot Lodge as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee	
<b>For Pete's Sake</b> .....	325
LEILA R. MCLEOD	
<b>Tickleweed and Feathers</b> .....	327
FLYNN WAYNE	
A page of humor	
<b>Jerusalem—the City of David</b> .....	329
More about the Editor's recent trip to the Holy Land	

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS  
WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, *President*      JOHN C. CHAPPLE, *Vice-President*      JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, *Treasurer*

*Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U.S.A.

★ A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired

Copyright, 1925, Chapple Publishing Company, Limited



## The Matchless Lincoln

**F**ROM out the ranks of common men he rose—  
Himself of common elements, yet fine—  
As in a wood of different species grows  
Above all other trees the lordly pine,  
Upon whose branches rest the winter snows,  
Upon whose head warm beams of summer shine;  
His was the heart to feel the people's woes  
And his the hand to hold the builder's line;  
Strong, patient, wise and great,  
Born ruler of the State.

Among a mountain group one sovereign peak  
Will tower aloft unto commanding height  
As if more distant view abroad to seek—  
First one to hail, last one to speed the light;  
Those granite sides will snows of winter streak  
E'en in the summer with their purest white;—  
Silent, serene, that summit yet will speak  
Of loftiest grandeur to the enraptured sight;  
So Lincoln's greatness shone  
Supreme, unmatched, alone.

—ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE



# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ON the banks of the Potomac stands a glorious shrine sacred to the memory of Lincoln. From out the open eastern door of the imposing memorial with its classic pillars, the spirit of the immortal martyr in bronze seems to look far down the horizon to the rising sun, ever searching for the first glimpse of the dawn of a new day.

Thoughts of the little old log cabin far out in Kentucky came to me as I stood on the eminence on Lincoln's birthday. In my mind's eye I saw that tumble-down structure, with one wall open to the east, and allowing easy access to the winds and the rain. In this primitive cabin, in all its humbleness of a manger-birth, the savior of the nation and the liberator of the slaves was given to the world on February 12, 1809.

It is not to this shrine or this dismal backwoods home that we look as the most fitting memorial to his greatness. The Capitol on the hill, the splendor of Washington itself, and all the glory encompassed by the boundaries of this great Union, one and inseparable, is the only adequate monument to his memory—aye, more than that—a new conception of charity and humanity came with Lincoln.

There is no character in all the annals of history who occupies a place even remotely comparable to Lincoln. The story of his life, to young and old alike, is a continuous source of inspiration. We revere the rugged railsplitter as a man—not as a somewhat shadowy figure in history. To this day he lives and walks among us, although too often we forget his words and teachings. Children of today and all the tomorrows look upon Lincoln's name and fame with vivid realization of what his life interprets. There is no need to tell them stories of Lincoln to impress them with his greatness; nor a youngster that does not hush with reverence at the mention of the name Abraham Lincoln. In far-off Baghdad even, I found on my recent trip the children knew and loved the unpretending Honest Abe.

There is something in the very name of Lincoln that serves to connect it inseparably with the ideals for which he stood—ideals that, God willing, shall lead all peoples to a new appreciation of new values of brotherhood among men. The world

will never allow the memory of Lincoln to pale. There have been more poems and prose tributes written about our Civil War President than any other man who has lived since the time of Christ.

The story of his life and his immortal speeches have been translated into every foreign tongue and are rapidly becoming the medium by which is accomplished the gradual but marked change in the Orient which, it is hoped, may serve eventually to bridge the gap between the East and West and bring the world closer together in a fellowship that shall cast off the shackles of hate and malice and glorify the grace for which Abraham Lincoln's name is glorified—"Charity for all."

HOPE EDEN

*The famous mind-reader who has puzzled and amazed the most profound scientists with her weird ability to fathom the thoughts of others, looks more like a tiny slip of a girl in her teens than a mental phenomenon who bridges the unseen gap between two souls by the aid of telepathy.*







© Underwood &amp; Underwood

## HON. FREDERICK N. ZIHLMAN

*Congressman from the Sixth District of Maryland, is one of the leaders of the labor group—though not in any sense a labor radical. He worked in his father's glass factory when a boy and learned the craft of a glass blower before entering the real estate business*

THESE are busy days in the Senate, even if there is not much being accomplished. The hearing on Aircraft took place recently in the House Office Building, but, somehow or other, the Senators were not as businesslike on these routine matters as they will be on the opening days of the sixty-eighth Congress. The friction between the Aircraft and the Navy and the Army may explain why aviation is not progressing as rapidly in the U. S. A. as in Europe. Representative Curry of California, whose bill for the establishment of a department of aeronautics was in the hands of the military committee, declared, "The attempt has been made especially by the Navy to have Congress believe that aircraft cannot sink all classes of seacraft." Major Rickenbacker, the famous war-time flying ace, testified in favor of the bill.



FOLLOWING the example of people within the region of "totality," President Coolidge and his family observed the recent eclipse through smoked glasses, while not far away the great telescopes at the Naval Observatory were sweeping the skies for a view of the corona and a glimpse of the moon as, for once, it bravely put the light of the sun to rout. The lady who defied warnings and looked at the sun in eclipse without glasses is said to have lost her sight.

As was expected, on the day of the great celestial circus there was a general exodus from the cities of the East to the

areas of totality. From many of the larger cities there were special excursion trains to Westerly, Rhode Island, and other points along the boundary of the eclipse belt. Later, in some places, there were even those who, having sold their worldly goods, stood on the housetops awaiting the coming of the millenium—the end of the world—but the gay old earth went jogging on. In New York and Boston, business was suspended for several hours while the eclipse was in progress. The streets were filled with people all intently gazing heavenward. This was one of the rare occasions when staid and sober folks of maturity, as well as young lovers, gazed upward and watched—not the moon, but its shadow. Day seemed miraculously to have been transformed into night. Electric bulbs glowed throughout the city and challenged the light of the stars. A weird and eerie sensation overcame the observers as they watched the gradual progress of the sun's effacement. Those minutes during which the shadow of the earth's satellite gradually obliterated the orange disk were moments of never-to-be-forgotten awe.

Every possible preparation had been made for proper observation and recording of data concerning the infrequent phenomenon. While telescopes and searchlights from the various observatories swept the skies, in the heavens themselves airplanes, and at least one dirigible, the "Los Angeles," circled about making photographs of the eclipse which had been predicted with an exactness to the second that seems incomprehensible to the average person. For this possibility of predetermination of such natural facts we are indebted to the Orient, where the sages first became interested in the study of the stars. We measure even the infinitude of space with finite astronomical figures and configurations of the planets that come from ancient calculations.



WHEN Mr. Charles C. Glover of the Riggs National Bank retold me a story that very much interested the late President Harding just before his Alaskan trip, I was all eyes and ears. It conveys a new light upon an incident in United States history concerning which there has always been a great deal of comment, but nothing definitely declared. When a young clerk in the Riggs National Bank, C. C. Glover was accosted by General Simpson who was then living in Philadelphia and kept his bank account in Washington and came to pay his life insurance. The latter told him an enlightening story concerning the purchase of Alaska, which now, for the first time, is available for publication.

"According to the story told me," said Mr. Glover, "the truth of which has been vouched for, the United States did not, as the historians tell us, pay \$7,200,000 for Alaska. The actual purchase price was \$1,400,000, although the warrant turned over to Russia, which was handled by me, called for \$7,200,000."

General Simpson, from whom Glover, then a young bank clerk, got the tale, was later Governor of Montana. After his term of office he was sent to Alaska, and while on the train going West he met Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, who had something to do with the negotiations, and who told him the anecdote which thus bears the stamp of Senatorial authority.

Prior to the war, negotiations had been started by Russia to sell Alaska for \$1,400,000. It was decided to conclude the sale before England annexed the territory in extending her northwest boundary, at the time a land of icebergs. The war interfered with the negotiations. In the darkest days of the struggle, when England was about to break the blockade and declare her sympathy for the Southern Confederacy, Secretary Seward was looking about for some way of checkmating the move which he was informed had been definitely decided upon.

Soon after he called in the Russian Minister, Stoehl, for a conference and arranged to have a Russian fleet come to New York and a small fleet was sent to San Francisco as a warning



to England to keep off the American coast. This little demonstration had much to do with turning the tide and was an emphatic notice to Great Britain that Russia was friendly to the Union. The cost of this little demonstration was about five million dollars, which England added to the costs of the war to the U. S. A.

After the war, the deficiency fund was exhausted and the treasury was so depleted that there was no possible way of passing a bill to pay Russia for its services without giving offense to England. It was decided, when the final arrangements were made, that the price paid for the territory purchased should be made to cover the full cost of obtaining Alaska, at \$7,200,000. This sum, of course, included the original purchase price of \$1,400,000 and the cost of sending the Russian fleet to safeguard the Union. Five million dollars and more was the sum paid for the services of the Russian naval vessels. Thus, in what purported to be only the price paid for Alaska was payment, also, for Russia's friendly demonstration at a most critical time.



A SUPPLEMENTARY story is told of Seward's closing the bargain. The news concerning the final ratification of instructions was received by the Russian Minister in Washington. When his country authorized him to go ahead with the final arrangements, the Minister immediately repaired to Seward's home to inform him of the latest tidings from across the sea. It was about dinner time when he visited the Secretary and told him the news. Seward's face lighted. The Russian Minister bowed.

"I shall return and we shall complete the negotiations tomorrow," he said.

"We will close the matter tonight." Action was Seward's strong forte in diplomatic negotiations.

"We shall sign the papers tonight," he continued. His dinner was left waiting while the signatures were affixed and the details completed of the deal that made Alaska American territory.



FEW institutions in the history of American progress can be credited with a more salutary effect upon the march of that progress than the rural mail service of the Postoffice Department.

No other single instrumentality has done more than the rural mail service toward "bringing the city to the country," and relieving the prosaic existence of farm life, or has been as effective in establishing closer contact between the farmer and his markets. It has been the most important factor in making agriculture an exact business instead of its one-time precarious classification which conveyed no broader meaning than "tilling the soil."

Twenty-nine years ago the farmer and his wife and children led an existence of almost complete isolation, living upon widely scattered farms, some of them miles apart. They had comparatively little communication with their neighbors or the outside world, except that derived from weekly trips to the adjacent village. More often than not the farmer lost a full day's work and his crops were neglected in order to obtain expected mail at the village post-office.

In those days the farmers' mail consisted largely of communications from relatives and friends. Today the daily mail includes, usually on the very date of publication, the metropolitan newspaper, containing market reports and agricultural news; the weekly and monthly farm journals and magazines, and business letters from the village merchant and the more pretentious establishment in the distant city. All of these are now brought to his door or to the box a few yards away.



HON. SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

*United States Senator from California is a leading legal luminary of that state and a well-known orator on political subjects. He is not a "native son," having been born in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, but has been a resident of California for many years*

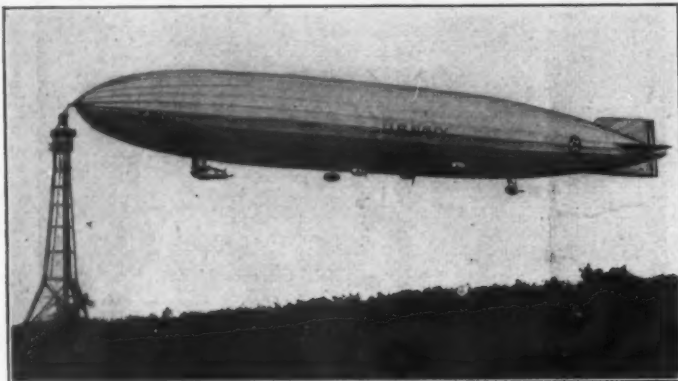
The rural carrier is the farmer's postoffice and his agent. Through him he conducts transactions for the sale of his live stock, grain, and other farms produce. From him he buys stamps and pays his bills by postal money order. In short, the letter carrier is the medium that has transformed the once secluded habitant of the rural district into a cosmopolitan citizen, conversant with current affairs and occupying a larger place in the destinies of a great nation.



THE reduction of taxes and reparations are the two measures that are being planned for the early attention of the next Congress. The fourth of March, with the eternal anticipation of a blizzard on inauguration day, approaches with the feeling among those who "are in the know," that the country has grown a bit tired of legislation. The general business conditions and the prosperity of the farmers seem to retard the Congressional grind for new bills, although not a day passes that some new measure does not appear in the offing for a tempestuous voyage through the shoals of committee inspection to reach ultimately a haven on the calendar—a resting place in the pigeon hole.

Speaking of calendars, Uncle Sam is one of the largest calendar producers of the world. Calendars are printed for

nearly every department, and this eliminates the opportunity of various firms advertising their wares within the sacred walls of government buildings. Uncle Sam has found out the value of exploiting his own affairs in the Postoffice Department.



#### THE "SHENANDOAH," QUEEN OF THE AIR

*Moored at her mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Engineering improvements in the construction of lighter-than-air craft will be applied immediately to the beautiful and stately dirigible, to enable her to ply between this continent and Europe. It is expected that important discoveries made by the Navy's engineers pertaining to the concentration of driving forces and increased horse-power of engines will both lessen the weight and increase the speed of the craft*

Posters and various bits of printed matter appear now and then and stimulate the sale of postage stamps. The greatest allies the Postoffice Department has today are the Christmas and New Year's card. The use of these has increased very much in recent years. An estimate was made that at least a billion postal cards were mailed during December. In fact, that estimate is considered low, as the average person in the United States does not think much of sending out forty or fifty cards. Now that the Postoffice bill has passed, giving somewhat more adequate pay for the men who wear the gray in the Postal Service, Uncle Sam's conscience can rest easy on that score. In the meantime the income tax reports are worrying the fortunate and passed lightly on by the millions who are snug within the exemption limit.



IT has been many years since a closing session of Congress witnessed a more optimistic condition of affairs in the country. Political prophets calling at the White House kept ears open to hear the voice of the Sphinx as to whether or not there would be an extra session, but heard nothing. White House affairs continued in an even tenor, while speculations were made as to changes in the Cabinet. There seems no inclination on the part of the present administration to change things unless there is a very good reason. District attorneys are ousted with brief words, but President Coolidge is accustomed to that. He ousted the Treasurer of Massachusetts with a few brief words when the time arrived, and was not timid about it.



EXPERIENCE having proved that many efforts to cure the ills of agriculture go wrong because no one knows what ills are to be cured, the Agricultural Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is preparing a standard form of agricultural survey which is to serve the purpose of what the doctors would call systematic diagnosis.

Many commercial organizations throughout the country are trying to harness up with agriculture, within their trade areas.

Some succeed admirably, but others fail because they have not discovered what is the matter with agriculture in their section. Crop rotation and calf clubs will not remedy a condition due to a tax system which discourages the landowner and encourages tenant farming. Nor will it compensate for a defective marketing system.

The Agricultural Bureau of the National Chamber believes that, however commendable these hit-or-miss efforts might be, much more can be accomplished by laying bare the ills of agriculture in any trade area first and then devising a remedy. The work of formulating a standard form of survey which will accomplish this purpose is now under way and will soon be available to commercial organizations interested in agricultural improvement.



BY an official decision of the United States Geographic Board, just announced, the name of the late Alfred H. Brooks, for more than twenty years chief of the Alaskan Mineral Resources Branch of the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, has been commemorated by the designation of a great mountain range in northern Alaska as the Brooks Range. This mountain range, one of the major geographic features of northwestern America, extends from the Arctic Ocean on the west to the Alaska-Canada boundary on the east, and forms the watershed between the Yukon Basin and the Arctic Coast of northern Alaska. It includes a large number of mountain groups, some of which have been mapped and named, and many of which are still unnamed and unexplored. In the designation of this great mountain area as the Brooks Range recognition is given to the man who perhaps more than any other one person advanced the development and knowledge of the Territory of Alaska.



TWO years ago, Secretary Hoover stated at a Radio Conference that the lower range of wave lengths were of more service for public broadcasting than the higher. The statement, in the light of future developments, has proved prophetic. Now the area between 600 and 1600 meters is reserved for government use. Secretary Hoover initiated the Radio Conferences, the success of which has far surpassed any vision of that day. From these discussions have come many important developments. The latest matter to be taken under consideration at these meetings is the problem of license and control. With regard to these problems, Mr. Hoover declares:

"The English system of license is far from what we want here in the United States. It makes a virtual monopoly of the air, for it indicates what shall and what shall not be broadcasted. Our purpose has always been to keep the control of broadcasting in the hands of the government and not retard



SIMON GUGGENHEIM

*The wealthy philanthropist, who has just announced the establishment of a fund of \$10,000,000 for the advancement of higher education. No restriction as to age, sex, color, race or religion will bar any worthy and ambitious student from help from this princely endowment*



development. This system has worked out very well so far. At the present time boys of eight and twelve know more about radio, automobiles and electricity in general than their elders, many of whom have been students of the subjects and engineers—but we have only begun to understand the range of radio."

He leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. "What great things our lifetime spans!" he said. "Think of it—the telephone, the electric light, the typewriter, the adding machine, the carpet sweeper—all these home and office conveniences developed in our own short lives. Outside, there are automobiles hurrying about the city, over Fort Myers aeroplanes are winging their way, and in millions of homes the family is gathered about the radio. Who can say where radio development will cease—or whether it will ever cease? At the National Radio Conference of last October the fact was pointed out that all anticipation has already been surpassed. In all the history of scientific discovery there has never been a translation into popular use so rapid as that of the radio. The present day radio audience exceeds twenty million people, and there are over two hundred thousand men employed in the industry."

It is three years now since Secretary Hoover began to call radio conferences, and each year the hard-boiled delegates hold their breath while the achievements up to date are recounted.



WHEN broadcasting first began, radio listeners were mainly swayed by curiosity. The radio was to them but another form of the phonograph. Now it is a matter of listening in on church services and programs of lectures, radio plays, orchestral selections and so on, that bring the world to the very door of the listener.

Secretary Hoover plans that in the near future every important national event, every pronouncement of public men, shall be brought to the homes of the people that they may have a better and more direct personal understanding of public matters. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, pioneers in wire intercommunication, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, holding the same position in the field of radio interconnection through the use of short wave lengths, were paid a tribute by Secretary Hoover.

"Over three-quarters of the United States is now covered by radio and the potentiality of the interconnection has just begun. It is now extending far into Canada, Mexico, and even to Alaska."

Strongly opposed to the broadcasting of direct advertising on the principle that the radio listener has not the same option as the newspaper reader and is forced to listen in upon all advertising matter, Mr. Hoover further objects to the possibility that may come with this practice of some day having a speech by the President used as the "meat" in a sandwich consisting of jazzed advertisements. But he vigorously opposes interference with the programs of local stations upon which a great many of the people depend.

There are in the country, at the present time, 57 class B broadcasting stations, and 387 class A stations using small power and covering only a small area. This is one case where B takes precedence over A.

THE social activities at the White House and in diplomatic circles opened with a whirl, and the other circles kept pace. Several national conventions assembled in Washington added a variety to the social calendar. There were many visitors at



ARLINGTON HOUSE, WASHINGTON

*Around this beautiful and stately survival of other days linger many romantic as well as tragic memories*

the executive office. When a visitor comes to Washington there must be a dinner with somebody, somehow, somewhere. The Senators and Congressmen were busy with their constituents, giving them a side light on the social life of Washington somewhat governed by future expectation.

When the President declared he was not opposed to an inaugural ball, but would not attend, that settled it. Receptions continue in the good, old-fashioned, stately way, with musicales now and then. The White House has set the nation a worthy example of thrift. The caterers are no longer called in for social functions. The White House chef has been given a chance to display his artistic talent.



ONE new immigration policy of the United States seems to be producing concrete results. Solicitor Theodore G. Risley of the Department of Labor, who has an intimate acquaintance with the problems and solutions of the question of immigration, pointed out to me recently some of the factors in the complex problems that are every day arising in the Department.

Under the new law, according to Mr. Risley, the difficulties and hardships of the past year will be eliminated. We shall have fewer cases of immigrants disposing of all their belongings and severing all their connections with the homeland without any thought of exclusion and its consequence to them and their families.

Secretary Davis' administration has marked a forward step in the progress of the handling of immigration. It is not of mushroom growth, but the result of thoughtful and earnest endeavor. The new legislation embraces a system of visa certificates designed to put into effect a plan of examination of the immigrant before his departure for the United States.

The three per cent quota law is based on the census of 1910 and limits the number of immigrants to a little over three hundred and fifty-seven thousand. Before its passage, the bill





BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

*The Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service has brought down the displeasure of the over-lords upon his head in much the same fashion as Admiral Sims has upon his. It doesn't seem to be safe to point out existing weaknesses in important branches of the Army and Navy service*

was declared to be a direct attack upon the peoples composing the newer immigration. In the light of recently collected statistics, although this may not have been the aim of the framers, it certainly has been the result of the legislation. The percentage of immigrants coming from northern and western Europe has naturally increased, while the number of those from southern and eastern Europe has decreased. The newer immigration has been reduced 28 per cent, while that from other countries has increased 85 per cent.

In answer to those critics who point out the fact that many aliens are smuggled into the country, it is only necessary to repeat the assertion of Stephen A. Douglas in 1859 that though there were laws against the slave trade in the United States, one hundred and fifty thousand slaves were smuggled into the country in that year.



ALTHOUGH we appreciate the value of the foreign-born residents of the United States and what they have meant to the material development of the country, we cannot depend upon a continuous influx of immigration to supply cheap labor. We should endeavor to develop an industrial system that will ultimately overcome any such need.

Mr. Risley was most cheerful as he commented on the results. He is far from denying the necessity that has existed for cheap labor. On the contrary, he pointed out the fact that during a period of ten years, six million immigrants and their children found employment in the United States and that they have contributed 70 per cent of the labor in the iron and steel industry.

Conditions have changed somewhat since the political revolution in Germany, in 1848, that brought to the United States such citizens as Carl Schultz, Frank Seigal, Joseph B. Pulitzer,

Jacob Riis, and Edward Bok, all of whom have proved the value of the Dutch and German immigrant.

Every country naturally takes pride in pointing out the achievements of her adopted citizens, and the records of the millions who have come to America as immigrants are gratifying. Immigrants who come here with the purpose of making this country their home almost invariably make worthy additions to the population. It is not long before their children and their children's children amalgamate and develop into members of that new race—the Americans. In fact, an immigration expert in Washington recently pointed out that Senator David I. Walsh, son of an immigrant father and mother, was the most typical New Englander he knew living in New England. If such a remarkable transformation is accomplished in one year, what may we not confidently expect for future years?



THERE is something about the Coolidge receptions at the White House that reflect the sincere hospitality of the old-fashioned New England home, free from all mere formality of welcome. The President's smile can scarcely equal the gracious and cordial charm of the First Lady of the Land in her homelike greetings. The diplomatic reception is counted usually the most colorful and brilliant event of the season. Sometime before 9 P.M., the hour set for arrival, Lieutenant S. Santelmann and his Marine Band in brilliant scarlet uniforms were tuning up in one of the rooms below, and the White House was set in aria by Major Domo Hoover for a function that was suffused with the spirit of hospitality. The very atmosphere was attuned to a medley of friendliness.

Inside the line the diplomats arrived in full dress uniform. Some brought back the remembrance of brilliant court life in nations overseas. Ambassadors and Ministers, with military aides, wore the uniforms prescribed by their countries; the Orient with its colors and fezes; Japan and China distinctive, but drifting towards western attire, despite red trousers for military attaches. The ladies were stately and queenly, representing current fashions of the world from Paris to Peking. The bows and the conversation buzzed like a church social in twenty-three languages, but all seemed to understand and enjoy the hours of delightful social contact.



ON March 4 Secretary of State Hughes will retire, on which date the new designate, Frank B. Kellogg, assumes his new duties. The latter gave up his post as ambassador to Great Britain on February 10. Mr. Kellogg was appointed to the position he has just quitted by President Coolidge on the retirement of Colonel George Harvey. Although personally he has not been quite so spectacular a figure as the former New Englander, his diplomatic service has been of a high order and fruitful of results. Mr. Kellogg began his public life as a "trust buster" under our "trust-busting" Roosevelt. This service won the future statesman great renown, although it did not help him very much with his own constituents, when he ran for the Senatorial re-election from Minnesota. Although he was defeated at the polls during the Harding regime, he lost nothing by his defeat, as he secured the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James.



THE appointment of the representative at the Court of St. James was looked upon as the first Ambassadorial plum to fall early in the year, when the announcement came of the retirement of former Senator Kellogg, and Ambassador Alanson Houghton was transferred from Berlin to London without a ripple from the disappointed.

# Palestine—the Mecca of the Jews

*The Editor of the National Magazine on his way to the scene where the great drama of life was enacted, in a few hours in a Pullman car crosses the Land of the Wilderness, where Moses led the Chosen People for forty years*

ALL my life I have wondered, as doubtless have millions of others, what sort of a place is the Holy Land. Since boyhood, there have been many times when, as I read Scripture or studied Sabbath School lessons and stumbled over the—to me—unpronounceable words, speculation as to the realities of the land of Israel was then uppermost in my mind. I had formed mental pictures inspired by the stories in the Word and the various scenes described in Holy Writ. My eagerness to see the land where our race was nurtured and where the great drama of Time was enacted, was whetted on my journey—and then!

Came my first glimpse of the land of the Philistines, from the window of a Pullman berth!

And it was just like early-morning travel in our own West; the same fine dust and sands of the plains, and the same hands extended for tips, called "Baksheesh" on the Palestine express.

Imagine crossing the Sinai desert in a Pullman; fancy traversing the Land of the Wilderness, through which Moses led the Chosen People for forty years, after their miraculous escape from Egypt and the passage over the bed of the Red Sea.

Sub-consciously there came to my mind, wonderment as to what would have happened to earth and civilization had Moses been provided as I was, with a seat in an observation car to sweep on into the Promised Land over rails of steel.

Some difference between the Law-Giver leading his wandering hosts on foot, and the railroad journey of today covering the same course, with the screech of the whistle awakening the desert wastes.

Although the first town I viewed in Palestine was named Gaza, there was really nothing there to gaze upon. It was the center of hostilities during the World War, and the gateway to the Palestine of Moses' day. The "Promised Land" I gazed upon bore little resemblance to "a land flowing with milk and honey." The scene that stretched out before me was a bleak and dreary plain, suggesting the areas of dry-farming experiments in Montana and the "Panhandle" district of Texas.

Passing a solitary turbaned traveler plodding his way, I waved to him from the car window and was glad to note that he understood the American hailing sign and returned the "so long" salute. At the stations along the way small groups of natives with their camels and donkeys looked up and silently followed the passing train with their eyes. The genial "hail fellow" humor of the Western-American water-tank towns was missing.

Following in the wake of the ancient caravans, the locomotive chugged on and on, climbing toward the blue hills of Judea. We were now over the boundary—in the land of Canaan. On either side were small farms being developed by colonies of Jews, Germans, and Americans. Ref-

ugees from Russia, Austria and Poland had come thousands of miles and endured every conceivable hardship in order to reach Palestine and have a home in Zion.

Men with long skirts and women in short ones with veils over their heads were engaged in clearing away the wire-like sagebrush and trimming the cactus hedges which grow very rapidly and, as a barricade, are as formidable as a barbed wire fence. There is but one animal that can eat his way through it with impunity—the original teetotaler, the camel. He regards the prickly thorns

wharf. Caravans were coming into the city and discharging their cargoes of wool, oranges that looked more like lemons, grain, and olive oil, just as they did when Solomon, from the height of his regally embossed and jewel-studded throne, dispensed his words of wisdom.

On a high rock overlooking the sea from which there was an entrancing view of the Mediterranean, stood the house of Simon, the Tanner. The site of the home of Dorcas, the first great woman missionary, on a road leading out of the city proved a magnetic attraction for the American



© Underwood & Underwood

**THE RUINS OF LYDDA**, the "Lod" of the Old Testament. Here the traveler stands in the very presence of sacred history. A thousand years before Christ was born this thriving town was known by its ancient name to the familiar characters of those times who live again for us of later centuries in the fascinating pages of Holy Writ

as something in the nature of a "red hot" dog delicacy.

It seemed as if the Holy Land was experiencing a lively real estate boom. Blue prints of plots and corner lots were in evidence. Some of the California methods of exploiting acreage in unlimited areas were being used. Payment for land was being made, in some cases, in stock. At Tel-a-Vin, near Jaffa, there is a thriving Jewish colonial development in which the energy and ability of Americans using modern methods has built up a thriving community.

The chief seaport of Palestine, as in biblical times, is Jaffa, the city from which Jonah sailed to meet the whale. On the docks there was a strange mingling of races and costumes. One American made himself conspicuous by whistling the bromidic "Yes, We Have No Bananas," although there were plenty of bananas on the

women tourists. They carried their knitting with them and spent a real Dorcas-like afternoon at the ruins on the mosaic floor marking the tomb of the brave woman, raised from the dead by St. Peter, who used to sit there and sew for the poor.

On the platform of the depot at Lud I met an American. I knew he was a fellow countryman by the big fat cigar encircled with a "garter" that he was smoking. I hailed him and we found that we were neighbors in Boston. Isaac Harris, with his family, had just arrived via Port Said to spend a year in Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The children were to be placed in a school at Haifa, while the parents were to follow out their plans and do something for the country and its people. Both saw visions of the Zion that was to be when Palestine, both in name and fact, was





© Underwood &amp; Underwood

**RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF MARTHA, MARY AND LAZARUS, in Bethany.** Here dwelt Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead, with his sisters Martha and Mary; and here they made Him a supper which Martha served while Lazarus sat at the table with the Saviour. "Then took Mary a pound of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment"

a homeland for the Jews. Mr. Harris was enthusiastic over the project.

"We want some place that the Jew can call his own," he said. "We want conditions such that the world cannot say of any of us, 'He is a Polish Jew, a Russian Jew, or an American Jew.' In this Zionist work we are proving that the Hebrews are the greatest of idealists and are as ready as ever to sacrifice and suffer for their ideals."

A successful lawyer, Mr. Harris gave up his practice in order to accomplish the work he and his wife had long had in mind. A year in the Holy Land, they believe, will be of great consequence to his children, in giving them the real ideals of Jewish life.

While we were talking, a good-sized group of Arabs in mottled garments gathered about us, watching with as much interest as though we were two of the principal performers in a minstrel show. Harris laughed. "They're probably trying to figure out which of us is the millionaire," he said. They evidently had some choice acreage to sell.

Not far from Lud, which in ancient writ was "The City of Merchants," I looked upon a picturesque scene that reminded me of an old Sunday School leaflet. Here, in fields "ripe unto the harvest," oxen were trampling on the grain, and it was being flailed in the same way as in the days of Christ. Children playing about were working betimes helping to gather the golden kernels as the wind sifted the chaff from the wheat. There was nothing wasted, even the straw, ground to a dark dust, was packed in bags to be used as forage for the animals. Lud is today a railroad junc-

tion, just as it was a stopping point in the days when the caravans, coming in along the roads leading into the city, met and exchanged the tidings of the time. Now, one branch of the steam railway leads on into Jerusalem, another to Jaffa, and the sleeper continues along the main line to Haifa.

Even the train was too slow for us and we chartered a motor car. It seemed strange to be speeding fifty miles an hour "burning up" the dusty roads of this ancient land, but gasoline has made the whole world kin. We made the first stop at the town of the Samaritans at Nablus, or Schechem, as it was called in olden times. Founded long before Jerusalem was built, it is one of the oldest settlements in the world. At the present time it is a thriving town with about thirty thousand inhabitants, almost all of whom are Moslems. Some few Jews and Christians live and do business there, but they are cordially hated by their Mohammedan neighbors. As the chief commercial link between Damascus and Jerusalem, it is still a junction point for caravans.

Schechem is the home of a number of people who claim to be the original Samaritans of Holy Writ. The high priest claims that he is directly descended from Aaron, the brother of Moses, who, they insist, wrote the five scrolls which they possess. Shown to me, they looked much like the Torah I later saw in the synagogue at Jerusalem, except that the parchment was yellow with the years. The high priest insisted that they were written not more than twelve years after the Israelites were led into Palestine. The

orthodox Jews reject the scrolls as false and look down upon the Samaritans, who in turn claim to be the only true children of Israel, and despise the Jews.

The Schechemites still celebrate the Passover and Feast of Pentecost in the original fashion. They eat their Passover meal reclining as did the early Jews, and smear their tents with the blood of the lambs they slaughter for the feast.

Not far from Nablus, just below the road to Jerusalem, is the well at which Christ met the Samaritan woman. A priest of the Greek Church, in a tall hat without a rim, preceded me down the steps. The opening is about a yard wide. A pan, in which a lighted candle was placed, was lowered into the well in order to reveal that the water fifty feet below was still there.

From this spot the farm that Abraham once cultivated was pointed out to me. It was in this vicinity, at Mount Gerizin, the Bible tells us, that Joseph and Mary, who were returning to Nazareth, lost the child Jesus, and going back into Schechem discovered him in the Temple teaching the doctors of the law.

There was a gruesome tale told us at the site of Herod's Palace, of how, on his birthday, his step-daughter, Salome, after her famous dance, which greatly pleased the king, demanded the death of John the Baptist, whose head was brought in to the banquet hall on a platter. The spot is now a mass of ruins—reminders of God's eternal punishment for wickedness. Mary Garden could play the opera here without fear of the censor as far as abbreviated costume is concerned.

At the foot of the desert hills of Moab, where Moses was buried, are the fields in which Ruth garnered the wheat. There were hundreds of men and women in the fields getting rid of the tares suggestive of the parable, and if permitted to mature, the tares give the flour a very bitter and unwholesome taste.

At lunch, prolifically-seeded pomegranates played a juicy part, behaving like grapefruit operated on with a spoon. Later in the blinding glare of the early afternoon sun we started towards Bethlehem. Stopping on the way at Rachel's Well, we looked upon the waters that may have quenched the thirst of Jacob, who waited seven years for Rachel.

On the winding, dusty road we passed estates of some of the wealthy people who had made money elsewhere and had returned to build new homes on their native soil, like good old New England folks.

Rounding a sharp curve on the hillside, we came upon Bethlehem, considered one of the most prosperous sections in Palestine. The Bethlehemites are, for the most part, descendants of the early Crusaders. Thrifty and industrious, they manufacture beads and other articles from the clam shells of the Dead Sea. They are all Christians; the Jews have not penetrated into Bethlehem and are content to allow the Christians to hold the city which they revere because of its connection with the Carpenter of Nazareth.

The Bethlehem maids, especially, are most attractive in their vari-colored and picturesque clothes. The married women wear a distinctive costume consisting of a bright-colored skirt and wide shawl which they throw about their shoulders. The massive headdress they effect is built up on a fez, over which hand made lace is spread. The women themselves crochet the lace, which requires years of patient work.

For a while I watched the workers as they filed the beads by hand in a primitive fashion. The workmen are content to use the same tools which



their fathers and their hundred times great-grandfathers used. They put a shell in a wooden hand vise, screw it up tight, and file away with a coarse file until the shell develops into the finished trinket.

As I entered one of the shops, the proprietor, Selim Michel, whom I met in 1893, during the Chicago Exposition, where he had charge of the Oriental exhibit, tapped me on the shoulder. We gossiped familiarly, and he many times referred tenderly to the old "Midway Pleasance," like one who had never left the vicinity of Jackson Park. It was an agreeable surprise to encounter my old-time World's Fair acquaintance in Bethlehem. "We're up to date here—see American newspaper with cross word puzzles. What you do with them—play checkers?"

Now for the real thrill of Bethlehem, the most famous birthplace in the world. The Church of the Nativity is said to have been built over the spot where stood the manger in which Christ, the Messiah, was cradled. Here I witnessed the services of three Christian denominations, the Roman Catholic, the Armenian and the Greek Orthodox, going on at the same time. In the crypt below, by the light of the flickering candles we made our way to the site of the sacred manger where we knelt and bowed, feeling the mellow spirit of Christ in a cave.

Almost every point of interest in the Holy Land is associated with some bloodshed, and yet every view was replete with Biblical association and the memory of the Prince of Peace. Even in Bethlehem, around the spot upon which we now stood, there had been many a fierce and bloody battle waged by frenzied religious fanatics.

Since the days of Mohammed, the Moslems and the Christians have wrangled over the golden city because of its association with their religions. It was at Jerusalem, the Mohammedans claim, that their Prophet made his ascension to heaven on his magic carpet, and here they believe he will sit astride a rock projecting from the Mosque of Omar on the judgment day.

There were no traffic cops in sight as we rolled along in a Rolls Royce to Nazareth. It was here that Christ was brought as a babe after His escape from Herod's inhuman order to kill the children, and it was here that Christ spent His happy boyhood and all but four or five years of His later life.

Holy Nazareth, where the lowly Nazarene began His career, lies in the center of a group of rough hills and mountains. This small city of less than twelve thousand inhabitants is seventy miles from the birth shrine at Bethlehem. A great number of the people are Christians of the Greek-Catholic and Protestant faiths, but the usual Mohammedan majority prevails. It is the center of Christian churches, convents, and monasteries in Palestine, visited and supported by people from all parts of the world. The buildings are ugly and squalid, but the scenery suggests the landscapes of New England. In the distance, standing out like a sentinel of the ages, is the mountain where Elijah hid the true prophets and then slew the false ones.

Following the setting of the sun, after Nazareth has ceased its commerce, comes a characteristic scene of biblical landscapes when the beauty of Nature asserts itself.

Wandering through the streets, I was an object of interest to the Nazarene tots, with whom I stopped to play, just as Jesus might have done nineteen hundred years ago. They are chubby-faced youngsters and are a glad sight in their gowns of yellow and red. They go barefoot, but



© Underwood & Underwood

**CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY**, in Bethlehem—the oldest church in Christendom—which occupies the traditional site of the stable where Christ was born. The Franciscans, the Greek Church and the Armenians each have a share in the care of the sacred shrine in the Grotto, and the British, now the masters in Palestine, keep a military guard over the Grotto, as the Turks did for hundreds of years previously to prevent trouble between the sects

seem as happy as the American children with their shoes and stockings, though they didn't romp and play in the same manner.

Under the spell of many holy associations, I realized that it was here Mary learned she was to be the Mother of the Infant Saviour. Whether we were Fundamentalists or Modernists, a feeling of awe overcame us at his spot.

A vocational school for children has recently been established in the city through the efforts of the Near East Relief. One of the buildings occupied by the school is the carpenter shop where, the inhabitants claim, Joseph plied his trade, and the boy Jesus received his training with saw and hammer. The building is owned by the Roman Catholics. Father Kersting discovered in his excavations beneath the site of a church, built during the Crusades, a grotto which many now believe to have been the actual work shop of the Master Carpenter.

The various sects here vie with each other in the possession of everything thought to be connected with the life and death of Jesus. Some of these claims seem ridiculous, but one cannot help being impressed with the reverence bestowed upon everything. Mary's Well, is perhaps, the one authentic object, because it remains Nazareth's sole water supply.

Like the Chinese, the Nazarenes do not make

much of a fuss over their girls. The boys are the pride of their parents' hearts. As I wandered through one of the streets a little lad came out of his home and ran hallooing to his neighbors. I asked the guide the occasion for all the excitement and was told that a baby boy had just arrived at the lad's home, and that he was spreading the glad tidings. Such an event is the signal for a grand celebration, and the relatives were bringing presents for the new-born babe. I presented a tiny American flag—but think of it—these children in the land where Christ was born have never seen a Christmas tree!

On a visit to one of the Mohammedan schools I found the teacher was a swarthy sheik who sat before his class like a tailor at work. The children also sat on the floor and chanted aloud the verses and texts of the Koran they were learning. The slates used are made of black-coated tin and have Arabic characters painted on them.

The Pearl of Palestine to me is the Sea of Galilee—a restful scene, suffused with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes which can be seen in the distance.

These sturdy fisher folk carry on their occupation much the same as their ancestors did when Christ chose his disciples. Over two thousand varieties of fish are taken from the sacred waters



© Underwood &amp; Underwood

**MARKET PLACE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, Bethlehem.** This scene, in all of its essential details, is but little different from what it might have been a thousand years ago, but modern progress cannot be stayed. Commercialism is pressing upon the lands where the greatest epic of human history was written, and the automobile, the symbol of modernity, chugs along unmindful of desecration where the lordly camel has trodden for three thousand years

of Galilee and are even now sent daily to the markets of Jerusalem. With the wind "off shore," I was reminded at times of Gloucester, Massachusetts. As I inspected the baskets filled with the silvery horde that had just been brought in, I recalled the story of Christ feeding the multitude with the five barley loaves and two fishes, and the many days that Christ spent at Capernaum—now only a memorable pile of stones.

As far below the sea level as our Great Lakes are above it, the Sea of Galilee seems like a gem set in the Palestine hills. From the hotel at Tiberias, the only large port on its shores, one looks on a scene that suggests the beautiful lake district of Central New York of which J. Fenimore Cooper wrote in his "Leather-Stocking" Tales. The surface of the water that day sparkled like an immense cluster of diamonds. At night it glistened like snow; the minarets of the mosques stood out like ghostly spectres in the shadows that enveloped the district like a funeral shroud. In the clear light of the early morning the shore line stood out like an etching.

Now I can well believe the old tradition that "The King of Fleas holds his court at Tiberias," for despite the netting about the bed and the screening on the window, K. F. and his retinue found me out and did not leave me all night. This is the town Marc Anthony presented to Cleopatra during his dizzy sporting days in Egypt, possibly after a bad night with the fleas.

The Hot Baths near here mentioned by Pliny, the Roman writer, are a sad comparison to the many regal-hoteled hot spring resorts in Amer-

ica. Tiberias was at one time a capital city and is one of the places that we have no record of Christ having visited. He chose Capernaum, also on the shores of Galilee—a sort of rival town established by Herod Antipas, who seems to have been the first live real estate boomer in Tiberias.

Stopping at the house in Bethany where Mary and Martha lived and opened their home to the Saviour, we had a bite of lunch on the pile of stones marking this site. Standing on this mound, we gazed down upon the grim, arid stretches of Jericho, which lies a distance of a thousand feet below sea level. The crumbling walls of the ancient city nestle amid patches of green which made it seem like an oasis in the desert. On the plains of Jezreel Gideon's band with his three hundred trumpeters jazzed the Mianites into confusion and defeat. It is the one spot with any semblance of life in the midst of the barren waste, and suggested the wilderness of Judea, which remains the same as it has been for ages, seeming stunned by Nature—for nothing can live within its boundaries.

While even the water of the beautiful Sea of Galilee is brackish to the taste, the fountain of Elisha at Jerico, fed by the same waters of the Jordan, is made sweet by the salt which is thrown into it. Not far is the spot where Elijah is said to have been carried to heaven in a whirlwind. Hereabouts are many tombs, the sight of which impelled Mark Twain to say that he would rather sleep in some of these than in most of the houses.

The hours spent on the banks of the Jordan are

disillusioning. It resembles a creek out in Iowa, although the current is swift in places. The water is cold, but looks, in a bottle, like watered milk and tastes even worse—bitter and salty. The shores of this stream are washed by the sacred waters in which millions of people have been baptized in the name of Christ.

We wandered around the shores of the Dead Sea, near an extinct volcano, where Sodom and Gomorrah, the star centers of wicked city life, were once located. There were a number of sulphur springs about and evidences of volcanic eruptions, which made it seem very probable that the fire and brimstone that obliterated these cities, as was prophesied, did a quick job and changed the climate. The Dead Sea has no outlet and is properly named, located in about the deadiest locality I know of on the surface of the terrestrial globe—a fitting stage for Dante's Inferno. It is the deepest sink hole or dent on the surface of the earth. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,308 feet below the sea level, more than twice the height of the Woolworth Building.

I found it next to impossible to stand upright in the waters of the Dead Sea, heavier even than our own Salt Lake. The water is one-fourth solid—twenty times more salty than the seas. Swimming was out of the question; my shapely limbs were swept out from under me. The salt clung to my skin like glue, and my clothing, when I dressed, stuck as close as postage stamps. I feel convinced that if I had taken a drink of the water, I would have been ossified. The sea contains a strong pickle, with impregnation of potassium chloride which may help out the potash supply of the world.

Palestine is truly cosmopolitan. In the fields and in the cities, side by side, the people of a score of races live and work. The impulsive spirit of America was there competing with the persistent wiles of the German and French salesmen. Palestine, the Holy Land, seemed the "land of the free" under the Balfour declaration, with Sir Herbert Samuels, himself a Jew, as High Commissioner for Great Britain. The veil of mystery in the old lands has been rent asunder. The people are becoming interested in modern ways. The squalor and wretchedness in which they have lived is revealed to them by contrast with the work of the new-comers. They are now establishing sanitary systems and schools, endeavoring to change the conditions under which their ancestors lived.

One great religious organization in particular has done much along this line—the Zionists. To many of those who have lived in the Holy Land under the old conditions, America is the Land of Promise; to those who are making a return pilgrimage to Zion, the fires of hope are kept burning by British appropriations and occupations, augmented by American money and ideals.

Whether the Jews will ever return to Palestine in large numbers is difficult to determine. The Jews have ever had a longing for their homeland and as they grow older and start on the downward path of life, visions of their ancestral home rise before them. Then comes the desire to return to the scenes of the Holy Land and be buried in the midst of their long dead brethren in the tombs of their forebears.

One man who has done much for Palestine, is Nathan Strauss, the great American philanthropist. Fifteen years ago he made his first visit to the country. It took him months to cover territory which I covered in forty-eight hours. Journeys which I made in a few hours required three

Continued on page 335



## Originated Cross-Word Puzzle Book

## Everybody's Doing It! What?

*Why, trying to solve the Cross-Word Puzzles in the books with which these two enterprising New York men have flooded the whole country*

HIST—shh! Have your credentials ready my dear Watson, we've reached the end of the trail. Pass me the needle, I crave its soothing influence. This has been a long and hectic hunt, but with my accustomed sagacity I have finally succeeded in tracking them down."

Sir Lock Bones, the great detective, drew himself to his full height and assumed a Napoleonic attitude. I gazed at him questioningly. For days and nights we had been ceaselessly exploring the nooks and crannies of the various newspaper offices and publishing firms of New York City. I realized that the case this time was of extraordinary importance, but my companion never dropped a hint as to its nature. I reasoned that we were engaged upon a matter of state that required the utmost secrecy, but little did I know that it was more than the interests of a mere handful of diplomats that was involved. It would have been impossible for me to realize the extent and the importance of the matter upon which we were engaged.

The world-famous sleuth regarded me quizzically. "My dear Watson," he said, "your intelligence sometimes seems far below the normal level. I sometimes wonder if I have not a moron for a room-mate. Can it be possible that you have not yet discovered the reason for these days and days of nerve-racking investigation? Am I to believe that you do not yet realize who are the arch-conspirators that we have finally dogged to their lair?"

I hung my head in shame. Then an idea dawned on my consciousness. "Is it—, is it—," I asked, falteringly, "can it be—" But no, that was impossible!

"Well?" queried Bones. "Is it—can it be, whom?"

"Has it anything to do with the oil scandal?" I asked breathlessly.

There was a disgusted look on my friend's face. "Poof!" he remarked. "Nothing so trivial has intrigued my attention. This is a matter which touches more than ten millions of people in the United States and Canada. Oil, humph!"

I was all agog. "Who are they?" I demanded in a whisper.

The renowned man-hunter looked carefully about him and touched his finger to his lips. "Pist, silence!" he exclaimed in a subdued voice. "They may yet escape us."

My hair stood on end. I felt a desire which I could no longer suppress—I wanted to scream. I gave vent to my feelings:

"Who are they?" I shouted.

And before the words had ceased to echo through the room, "They" appeared upon the scene. Bones quickly secured the doors and put the keys in his pocket. Then turning toward the two young men who had entered the office:

"So it's really you?" he asked.

They nodded in unison. "Yes, it is we," they replied.

I gazed in astonishment from the youthful, earnest-appearing young chaps who stood before us, to my friend. Turning, he regarded me with a smile. "These, Watson," he stated, "are they."

I groaned aloud and tore a handful of hair from my head. "For the last time," I screamed, "will you tell me who 'they' are?"

Bones was patently shocked. "Hush, my dear friend," he said, "your nerves are becoming unstrung. Please preserve your decorum. I have been trying to tell you just that ever since we entered the room, but you insist upon interrupting me. Had it not been for your marvelous imbecility you would long ago have known who these gentlemen are."

He turned once more to the young men. "Gentleman," he said with a low bow, "meet my intellectual inferior, Dr. Watson." Then turning again to me, "My dear Watson, these are 'they'—the instigators of the Cross-word Puzzle craze, the men who have at last succeeded in

enabling many happy wives to keep tabs on their lesser halves and to know where their husbands spend their evenings. They are once more uniting the family circle and making the fireside again a place of happiness 'and a joy forever.' Watson—shake hands with Richard L. Simon and Lincoln M. Schuster, publishers of the Cross Word Puzzle Books." He paused and beamed enthusiastically down upon me.

THE sleuth lighted his vile-smelling calabash and drawing from his vest pocket a pack of carefully indexed pawnbrokers' checks upon which he keeps his notes, as is his custom, he proceeded to explain the facts of the case.

"America," said my friend Bones, puffing, as he spoke, at his wheezing pipe, "America 'has gone cross-word-puzzle mad. Everywhere throughout the United States and Canada, men, women, and children are neglecting business, household duties, school—even their meals—in



THESE ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES. They have a lot to answer for—burned steaks, coffee pots boiled over, two-minute eggs cooked half an hour, trains missed, business engagements forgotten—the list of things that can be laid to them is a long one. They are Richard L. Simon and Lincoln M. Schuster, compilers and publishers of the series of Cross Word Puzzle Books that have broken all the records of the "best sellers" among the latest popular novels since the Cross Word Puzzle craze set the whole country wild about a word of eight letters meaning a universal American beverage—the two middle letters of which are "e" and "b"



the hunt for the elusive eight letter word meaning South American swamp. From being humbugged, the nation has turned to being puzzled. As Neal O'Hara has declared, even 'Thousands of people who would otherwise be loafing are working two hours a night filling in blank spaces.'

"Now, my dear Watson, it is an axiom that wherever there is an intellectual game to play, you are sure to find the Jew among its ardent devotees. It is, therefore, not surprising that the two gentlemen who, more than all the rest, are responsible for this latest fad, should be numbered among the Jewish people. Nor is it at all a matter for wonder that the first world's champion puzzler, William A. Stern, II, should have been a member of the chosen race. You know, of course, my dear Doctor, that I might go on for some time, in my own manner, describing this latest vice—or should I say virtue? But, following my usual custom I shall allow the criminals themselves to tell their story."

With a low bow he turned to Lincoln Schuster. "Will you please enlighten my low-browed friend?" he asked.

Lincoln M. Schuster, a graduate of Columbia University and the Pulitzer School of Journalism in the class of 1917, erstwhile instructor in Journalism at the College from which he graduated, and former New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, smiled and hemmed modestly.

"That is an extremely difficult inquiry to answer," he declared, "because it places me in the position of being my own and Mr. Simon's 'Boswell.' However, I shall give you the facts to the best of my ability."

Bones drew his pencil from his pocket, and removing his celluloid collar, began to make notes of the young publisher's remarks.

"I may as well confess," said Mr. Schuster, "that we have had an unusually lucky break on the whole enterprise, and have of course, worked night and day to take advantage of the opportunities presented. It has been a thrilling adventure; and we have both had the time of our young lives."

"My friend and I began business on January 2, 1924. Mr. Richard L. Simon, my associate, also a graduate of Columbia, entered the employ of Boni and Liveright about four years ago and by his association with the members of the firm, acquired a practical knowledge of the publishing business."

"On the third of January, 1924, Mr. Simon came into the office fairly bubbling over with a great idea. His aunt had expressed a desire for a book of cross word puzzles to give as a present to a friend of hers who was a follower of the puzzles published in the Sunday Magazine of the New York *World*. She commissioned Mr. Simon to find such a book, and he went out through the highways and byways, searched in the remote corners of all the book shops of the city and discovered finally that there was no such literary animal."

"He immediately decided that we had been selected by destiny to launch upon the publication of such a volume. We determined that we would carry the light to the unsuspecting and thoroughly unprepared and unprotected world. We consulted the experts in the book trade, we spoke with many people who, we thought, would know most about the matter. They were unanimous in their adverse opinion. Such an idea, they declared, would be absurd. Nobody would be interested in cross word puzzles in book form. But we were not discouraged. We were having altogether too good a time planning the book to be stopped at its very inception."

"We spent three months in making and compiling the puzzles, and arranging the volume. By the beginning of April the book was ready for publication, and on the tenth we gave to the world its first cross word puzzle book. This initial edition consisted of 3,600 volumes."

"It was hard sledding at first. We found the booksellers prejudiced against the little cloth-covered study in black and white puzzles. But we kept at it and succeeded in foisting some of the edition upon them. Then we realized that what we really had to do was to build up a market for our product. After much concentration we decided to make a national institution of cross word puzzling."

HERE the speaker paused for a moment while Bones, the detective, ripped off one of his cuffs, and taking it in his left hand, held his pencil poised above it, ready to jot down Mr. Schuster's words of wisdom. He nodded and the speaker continued.

"We decided to dramatize the whole business, featuring both its educational and tantalizing entertainment value. We sat down to a session of deep thought and prepared plans for a nationwide campaign for the advancement of interest in the cross word puzzle."

"Applying this hunch, we worked for some days upon a catch word, eventually adopting as our slogan:

1921—COUE

1922—MAH JONG

1923—BANANAS

1924—THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK

"Next, following up the same tactics, we organized the Cross Word Puzzle League and staged a convention at the Ambassador Hotel, New York, on May 18th to determine the Cross Word Puzzle Champion of the world, and interested famous celebrities in tracking down the elusive words. In general, we tried to make good our slogan. It was at this event that William A. Stern, II, won the world championship which he held until our next tournament."

"Mr. Simon then made a flying trip across the country and turned the inertia and lethargy of the booksellers into almost delirious enthusiasm as soon as he showed them that by selling our \$1.35 books, they could also sell \$22.60 Dictionaries, Synonym Books, Reference Books, Bibles and numerous other reference works, for cross word puzzles touch every phase of human life and endeavor. We had soon lined up and turned the now energetic bookmen into rabid cross word puzzle boosters. Ours was a book that challenged attention. It rose in the non-fiction field to the rank of best seller."

"Toward the end of July, the sales for our First Series Cross Word Puzzle Book were so great that we had a hard time trying to supply the demand. And people were literally crying for more cross word puzzles. So, in order to appease the almost insane public, we published the Cross Word Puzzle Book, Second Series, on August 18th, 1924."

"This edition, was of course, an instantaneous success. The first series had cut the ice. The sales for One and Two continued at an amazing rate, and on September 26th and 27th we held the Second Cross Word Puzzle tournament at the Wanamaker Auditorium. For at least a week before this event it received publicity from all the New York newspapers. This publicity was all voluntary—we employed no press agents."

"The tournament was watched by cross word fans all over the country. Newspapers and mag-

azines carried accounts of the doings that were awaited by breathless millions. On the first day there was a women's contest. The winner received a silver medal and the female championship. The second day occurred the grand all-comers contest. When this had been run off and Mrs. Ruth Von Phul had been declared the winner, she next competed with the champion, Mr. Stern."

"The competition took place on the stage of the auditorium. Huge blackboards were set up in full view of the audience upon which the black and white diagrams were marked off. After a grilling contest, Mrs. Ruth Von Phul defeated Mr. Stern and became the world champion puzzler."

"The demand continued to grow, and when the first book was in its tenth edition—the number of copies in each edition was continually increasing so that at the time of the eighth edition, it consisted of twenty-five thousand copies—and the second in its fifth, we met the imperious demand of the public with the Third series on November 7."

"During this time we had been receiving requests from the dealers who had been selling our books and the adults who had been doing them for a book for the children. On the same day that the third series was published, we also brought out 'The Children's Cross Word Puzzle Book,' by Jane Black, and 'The Cross Word Puzzle Book for Young Folks,' by Rosetta C. Goldsmith and Sylvia Weil. Also, for the holiday trade, we combined our First, Second and Third Series in a holly box."

"We now had five Cross Word Puzzle Books. The puzzles in our \$1.35 books could not be done properly without the aid of a reference book of some kind; and we felt the need, with travelers, of a small cross word puzzle book and a less difficult one. We therefore brought out the 'Plaza' Cross Word Puzzle Book, the puzzles in which can be done without the aid of a dictionary."

"The cross word puzzle craze is still in its infancy. On our list of publications for 1925 we have still more puzzle books."

SIR Lock Bones stuffed his annotated pawn-brokers' checks, celluloid collar and cuff into his coat pocket and ripped the front out of his shirt. "And what do you say with regard to the fad?" he asked Mr. Schuster.

"Well," replied the youthful publisher, "my answer is summed up in Hamlet's speech, 'Words, words, words.'" His partner nodded his assent.

"Our total sales on all our cross word puzzle books," declared Mr. Simon, "as of January 1, were more than 625,000 copies."

"Yes," said Mr. Schuster, but don't lead Sir Bones to the conclusion that we are exclusively publishers of cross word puzzle books. We are also putting out volumes that need no completion by the reader. We have already published 'Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters,' by Don C. Seitz, and 'The Common Sense of Money and Investments,' by Merryle Stanley Rukseyer."

Richard Simon gazed at Bones for a moment. "Are you a crosswordian?" he asked. A strange light suffused the countenance of the world-famous sleuth. He drew one of the Cross Word Puzzle Books from his capacious pocket, and opening it to an almost completed puzzle:

"What is this word here?" he asked—an African cantaloupe in seventeen squares?"

The firm of Simon and Schuster enlightened

Continued on page 320

# A Knight in the Political Arena

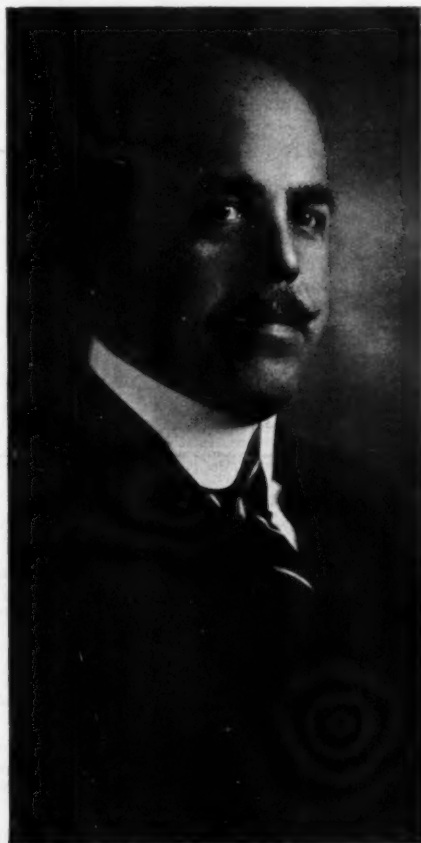
*Nicholas Longworth fights fair, keeps faith with his supporters, fulfills his promises, and exacts the respect of everyone. A real leader of his party and a shining beacon of integrity in an atmosphere of murk and evasion*

WITH warring elements within the Republican party so rebellious that he has to use the power of the national organization often to quell their insurgency and his skill as seasoned veteran to pronounce his leadership, Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, majority floor-leader in Congress, has been able to present the most formidable array of his party in the House of Representatives that has been recorded there since the days of Thomas Brackett Reed, and this fact has caused him to loom to the forefront as the logical choice for the next Speaker to succeed Mr. Gillette when, after the fourth of next March, the present speaker will enter the Senate through virtue of the late election. Nor has this prominence of Longworth in his party been the gift of the notable ancestors, both of his own family and that of his distinguished wife, for in more than one instance have these been his handicap and he has been forced by circumstance to pioneer the way for his course, and he has always so well executed these problems that he has held the good will of those who were against him as well as those who were for him. In the early days of his career in Cincinnati he was an implacable foe of the Boss Ring of the Republican party which controlled the affairs of the city, the organization of which his father, who was a member of the State Supreme bench, was a conspicuous figure, and in a later day in his career in Congress he was bound by his loyalty to the party in whose ranks he had fought and the principles he advocated, to oppose his eminent father-in-law, Theodore Roosevelt, for President of the United States when his support in all probability would have given the Insurgent leader the state's electoral vote instead of allowing it to go to Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic successful contestant in that election. It would have been easier to the success of his own fortunes had he opposed the Republican nominee, President William Howard Taft, who was before the people for re-election and lost so completely, for the party of his faith was over-shadowed in the state and none except with the leadership which Mr. Longworth has shown could have weathered that storm and not seen his dreams for prominence in his party's councils swept away from him forever. But he survived it and after one defeat for re-election came back to Congress to finally fight his way to the commanding post of floor leader of the largest majority his party has had in the House in many years. Nor has this leadership been attained in the House itself over a downy way strewn with roses, for he has more than once opposed a rebellious majority of his party on the floor and the president in the White House and has even gone so far as to vote to over-ride a veto. In one case in particular where this was conspicuous was his support of the Soldiers' Compensation Act, and in this he exhibited that rare quality of public officials to keep the faith of the men who are called upon without their voice in

the matter to offer up their lives for the preservation of their country. Longworth was for the war as a last resort, and he promised that the men who bore the burdens of that war should be the objects of the nation's gratitude when Peace had been restored. On this he staked his chances for leadership when the dividing of the ways was reached, and through it he was successful in politics and faithful to the trust of those who had had his pledge when he was before the people for election. In matters of tariff and taxation he has attained an outstanding place occupied by but few men in his party in the last generation; he was conspicuous in the colossal task of raising revenues of the government for the conduct of the World War and his genius in matters of tariff legislation gave to the country the United States Tariff Board which has done more to stabilize tariff taxes and relieve the bur-

dens of Congress in the enactment of many tariff laws and the business of the country from the interruption of many changes than any one other bit of legislation ever enacted.

Nicholas Longworth was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, the city in which his father had pioneered at a barrister, November 5, 1869, four years after the roar of the cannon of the civil war had ceased just to the south of him across the river that divided north and south. Kentucky had been a caldron of strife over secession and the bitter feeling had threatened disruption of his own city. His father Nicholas Longworth had not been of age when the war ended but was a student at Harvard during the conflict and returned home after graduation in 1866; married Susan Walker while young and settled in the practice of law; became prominent in the Republican party to which faith he had given his support in its formation and was later appointed to the state supreme bench on which he served for only a short time. The son, Nicholas Longworth, was educated in Franklin School in Cincinnati in his early years and entered Harvard from which he graduated with the degree of A. B., in the year 1891. The next year, 1892, he matriculated in Harvard Law School and spent one year after which he returned home and entered the Cincinnati Law School from which he graduated in 1894 with the degree of L.L.B.; was admitted to the bar and set forth on a career in the footsteps of his father. He was chosen a member of the School Board of Cincinnati and the course of his career was changed. This was in the days of Boss Cox and his powerful machine and this machine was not in sympathy with Longworth, yet it was a powerful figure in the politics of the state; Longworth found it necessary to oppose it at his own hazard. William McKinley was then President of the United States; had just successfully fought the Spanish-American War and was the outstanding figure of his time. William Howard Taft was a Federal Circuit Judge in his home city and Dean of the Law Department of the University of Cincinnati. Both these were mighty in the leadership of the Republican Party and both were of the conservative type; Taft's future greatness but dawning at the time. As an organization man, Nicholas Longworth was elected to the state legislature in 1899; two years later, 1901, he was chosen to the state Senate and here his first mark in public life was recorded. In the legislature he was placed on the Committee on Taxation and in the state Senate became chairman of that committee. As such he was the leading figure in the legislature in the drafting and passage of the taxation laws a number of which dealt with corporations in placing taxes, corporate earnings and valuations, the same that years later Congress took up and in some form adopted, especially in taxing the receipts of corporations. In the State Senate he was appointed Chairman of the Committee for revision of the municipal code and on this com-



© Harris & Ewing

**R**EPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH of Ohio, majority floor-leader in Congress, has never avoided a direct issue in his political career, and never temporizes with a question of principle for the sake of personal advantage. He is a forthwith, downright sort of person who commands the utmost respect of his political foes as well as his personal friends



mittee Warren G. Harding, a young political aspirant, served. The two became fast friends, which friendship lasted until the latter's death.

While serving in the State Senate Mr. Longworth was nominated for Congress by the organization from his home in 1904. He entered the campaign with determination and was successful at the polls, taking his seat in the 58th Congress. Theodore Roosevelt was President when Longworth came to Congress and the social history of the White House in those days is historic. Longworth met Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the president by his first wife. Miss Roosevelt had been reared by a step mother, which would be calculated to inculcate a nature of independence equal to that possessed by her renowned father. Their marriage on Feb. 17, 1907, was one of the notable social events of that time in Washington. Henceforth Longworth was to be the spokesman of the President and to tag onto the career of Roosevelt for future prominence, in the eyes of the wise in public affairs. Longworth was re-elected to the 59th, 60th, 61st and 62nd Congresses. In the last of these elections came the crisis in his career. It was the fall of 1910. Taft had been elected President two years prior as the protégé of Roosevelt in whose cabinet he had served as Secretary of War after he had served successfully as President of the Philippine Commission and as Governor General of the Philippine Archipelago, but he had incurred the displeasure of his predecessor in the chief magistracy and there was a widening breach growing between the two. Roosevelt was the father-in-law of Longworth and Taft was the dominant figure in the politics of his home city and the Nation; Charles P. Taft, a brother owning and publishing the most powerful newspaper in the party, in Longworth's home city and being the heaviest contributor to the campaign fund of the Republican Party. The party strife grew and two years later, 1912, when Taft came forward as the party's standard-bearer for re-election he was opposed before the National convention by Roosevelt, who again sought the office. The contention grew into the Roosevelt bolt in the Chicago convention and his nomination as an Independent against Taft. To support Roosevelt in the campaign when he had the Republican nomination for re-election to

Congress would probably have elected Longworth but he chose to cast his lot with his party organization and give his support to Taft although he knew full well it meant the defeat which he suffered in the election of that November.

For two years Longworth was out of Congress, but in 1915 he was again nominated as his party's standard bearer in the district and was elected to the 64th and re-elected successively to the 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, and 69th Congresses.

When Longworth first came to Congress, in 1904, the Republican party was in power in both branches of Congress. He was placed on the Foreign Affairs Committee which, at that time, was of little consequence and was less interesting to Longworth for he had directed his thoughts and works in office to the subject of taxation. He later secured appointment on the powerful Ways and Means committee on which he has served continuously and has been a conspicuous figure in molding the tariff and tax laws in the country's most trying period. He supported the Income Tax amendment to the Constitution and the income tax laws passed thereunder; as a protectionist he was a member of this committee while sereno E. Payne was holding his hearings and drafting and passing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law; he was a member of this committee under the Democratic regime and sat in the hearings and went through the fight when the Underwood Tariff law was passed; he was still a member of this committee when the Republicans came back into power and was a powerful figure in the hearings and the passage of the Fordney Tariff law. Early in his career Longworth developed the idea of taking the tariff out of politics and in 1911 he introduced in Congress the bill to create the United States Tariff Board which is now functioning with marked success. When the World War loomed and party lines for the time were wiped out, Longworth joined with the Democrats then in power and gave his support, unreservedly, to the war tax measures and was a commanding figure in that trying hour of the Nation. He indorsed the War policy of President Wilson and raised no fight on any of the measures which he thought might tend to divide the Nation. When the war was over and the League of Nations came up as a reconstruction

issue Longworth opposed it with might and main, maintaining that this Nation should adhere to the teachings and admonitions of its founders to avoid entangling political alliances with European powers which were calculated to involve the Nation in wars and endanger its safety and perpetuity.

Nor were the Tariff, Tax and Revenue bills and the League of Nations the only measures on which Mr. Longworth has taken a stand, sometimes in variance with the leader of his party. He opposed the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution; he favored the amendment for the election of United States Senators by the popular vote; he supported the Suffrage amendment to the Constitution. His critics to this last said "there, see the dominance of his distinguished wife; she's the real boss, after all," but if this be true Longworth would probably have followed the road of least resistance and supported Roosevelt in 1912, which would have eventually cost him the leadership of his party; he is a friend of Waterway development.

Nicholas Longworth has had a definite purpose mapped out for his political life from the beginning of his career. When he came to Congress he met in Washington as one of the four "Kid Congressmen" from Ohio—himself, Ralph D. Cole, Beman Dawes, brother of the Vice-President, and Ned Taylor, of Columbus. They were much in each others company. Dawes after a while prevailed on Longworth to leave Congress with him and enter the oil business where he showed great wealth was to be made, but Longworth took the advice good-naturedly and passed it up. Dawes prevailed on Taylor and Taylor became his attorney and they left Congress and did enter the oil business and made fortunes, both of them. Cole left Congress and distinguished himself on the fields of France during the World War. Longworth stuck to his post and it is no secret that he is now the outstanding figure of his party in the Lower House of Congress. The extreme conservatives call him too fractious and liable not to follow at all times and purposes; the radicals call him too reactionary and not in proper sympathy with the common people, but Longworth has always been ingenuous enough to steer the course that brought him to the greatest power and greatest confidence of all factions of his party.

## The Rose Lover !\*

FOR me too high the stars above,  
The Pearls too deep below,  
Half-way I find my earthly love  
In vales where roses grow.

The towering heights are cold and bare,  
Cloud-capped, and crowned with snows,  
But when in woodland paths I fare  
I find the budding Rose.

And if there be some hidden thorns  
About her beauty set,  
Their prudish sharpness wisely warns  
The passions that forget.

And thus my blushing beauty keeps  
Her fragrance hidden still,  
Until, when first the moonlight peeps  
Above the woodland hill—

I, stealing down by silent ways,  
Surprise her e'er she knows;  
The Lily let her lovers praise,  
But I shall love—the Rose.

The Rose—whose thorns all others daunt,  
Set sharp when rivals woo,  
But guard the graces that enchant  
One lover tried and true.

I seek no Stars in alien skies,  
No Pearls in stormy Seas;  
And when at last my sweet Rose dies,  
Should Heaven hear my pleas—

Find me beneath the woodlands gray  
A couch for soft repose,  
Where, if the Gods be good, I may  
Sleep—dreaming of my Rose.

—Hugh Deveron.



\* From "CANTICLES OF THE CORN PATCH," a volume of verse of exceptional beauty and feeling, soon to be issued from the press of the Chapple Publishing Company.



*A few pages of gossip about*

# Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things*

**S**EWELL FORD is probably going to have the surprise of his life, but—he has the face of an angel.

His friends may not recognize the comparison; and Rex Ingram, perhaps, would not choose him for the type were he going to produce a celestial movie scene—but, nevertheless, and without attempting to pose as a better critic than the well-known Rex, I reiterate my statement—Sewell Ford has the face of an angel.

There are too many twinkles in his eyes for the conventional angel type, but he is assuredly the variety of angel which would make heaven a delightful place in which to live, and he goes his way in this world spreading his happy gospel of laughter. Mr Ford's apostles are "Shorty McCabe," the irresistible "Torchy" and other beloved characters which the author told me had died from sheer old age.

How did Mr. Ford start on his joy-spreading career? According to his own story told in the lobby of the Flamingo Hotel in Miami, where he and Mrs. Ford spent a part of last season, Sewell Ford was once a green little cub reporter in New York. One day his managing editor, in the nonchalant manner which always accompanies a hard assignment and which only managing editors are artists enough to acquire, sent him to interview the "banker-poet" of New York.

Mr. Ford walked into the hotel where the celebrity was stopping and discovered that he (the banker-poet, not Mr. Sewell) was having his breakfast. So, thinking to save time and at the same time attack the object of his mission before he could do the dodging act, Mr. Ford strolled into the dining room and up to the interviewee's table.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you? Just sit down and ask me any questions you want to while I am having my breakfast," said Mr. Banker-Poet genially.

"Questions?" thought twenty-year-old Sewell Ford, and glancing up he saw the waiter holding a steaming dish of bacon and eggs. Groping after a flash for an intelligent question the potential author said, "Say, sir, do you always eat bacon and eggs for breakfast?"

Feeling sorry for the novice, Mr. Banker-Poet dictated the history of his life and his theory regarding the League of Nations, or whatever was the outstanding question of the day. All of which Sewell immediately forgot. He went back to his office and wrote a story about a scared reporter and ham and eggs. His managing editor laughed and people have been laughing at the refreshing happy-heartedness of his stories ever since.

Besides being a writer who has attained fame and fortune, Mr. Ford has acquired a reputation of being one of the cleverest after-dinner speakers in the country. "But not any more," he declared, "it's too strenuous. I remember the last time I talked extemporaneously was over on the West Coast. George Ade and I were invited to

a dinner party by some unscrupulous woman, who promised she wouldn't ask us to talk. But as the dinner progressed I began to feel it coming. About three minutes before she called on me, I knew the blow was going to fall."

"And was your brain doing mental calisthenics during those three minutes?" I asked.

"No, it was cussing that woman," he answered.

When Mr. Ford was interviewed at Miami Beach it was just between the elevator and the dining room door, with the delicious odor of lunch in the offing, probably the cause of the

bacon and eggs story. And besides, he had just come in from the golf course.

"What did you make it in?" Rather a personal question, but necessary if painful.

"Please say that after a two-hundred-mile ride from his winter home in Clearwater, Mr. Ford declined to make any mention of his batting average on the greens."

And he left for the dining room and his "bacon and eggs."

—BEULAH WHITNEY



## Educating and Training Deaf Mutes is His Chosen Life Work

**T**HERE are greetings of an unusual sort when Dr. Charles C. Manning, Superintendent of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, appears in schoolrooms, work rooms, chapel, or campus. They are strange inarticulate laughs of deaf mutes, but as hearty as any other, and as full of good fellowship.

When he appears in chapel, their eyes glow; they wave hands; and say things out loud and smile, for they can do that as other children. Few of us would understand what they are saying, but he does, and waves back as cordially and says things that we and they understand. Only we hear, and they read his lips. He also tells them our name, where we live, and what we do, and they wave happy greetings.

His heart is full of sympathy for his 400 little folk living in a world of deathless stillness; so is ours by that time, but his is always that way. In fact, it has always been that way, to the best of his knowledge.

He began to be deeply interested in deaf mutes when in his teens. His books and other reading crystallized impressions that the sight of a deaf mute in the neighborhood had made upon his mind. He came to know about every mute in his end of the county, and went to see them, even if it was necessary to walk many miles, in order to talk with them, and to do little kindnesses.

He learned the sign or finger language early and had it ready for instant service when he chanced to meet a mute, and many hundreds of them have had occasion on trains, street cars and elsewhere to be glad they met him. It is to be expected that not one got away without his having gotten the name, address, and other interesting notations. All of them were interesting to him then, as they are today.

"It is to be deplored," he remarked recently, "that children are not supplied with knowledge of other unfortunate children who are without either sight or hearing." He thinks it is fine that we teach them about children of other lands, but is firm in the opinion that we lose by failing to let them understand the afflictions of deaf and blind children, and the enormity of the problem of salvaging them.



© Underwood & Underwood

**S**EWELL FORD starting out for a morning stroll from Hotel Flamingo, Miami, Florida. The creator of "Torchy," "Shorty McCabe," and other beloved fictional characters that have added to the joy of living for lo! these many years, is another one of those erstwhile industrious newspaper men who in the last few years have chosen "the easiest way" to fame and fortune



**DR. CHARLES C. MANNING**, Superintendent of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, sends the graduates of his institution out into the world equipped to become useful, happy, self-sustaining members of society. He is widely known as an infinitely kind, surpassingly wise friend of deaf mutes

Adults, too, have as a rule only slight understanding of the large number of little ones who are shut out from the sights and sounds of life. They seem not to think of them, in this opinion, as having possibilities of self-support and self-respect, resulting therefrom. Neither do they realize the gravity of the situation when hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men and women are reduced to dependence upon charity, a soul-destroying character-atrophying condition.

These deaf folks, according to the studies of great life assurance societies, are preferred risks. The reason is all the greater, thinks Manning, for providing them with a means of honorable livelihood. "Furthermore, they are a vast storehouse from which the industries, occupations, and professions should draw," he commented. In fact, he might be a far-seeing economist who has measured the army of deaf mutes from the standpoint of their productivity, once thrown into the industries and professions. At the same time, he glimpses the relief to charitable enterprises with this great body self-sustaining. He, however, expects them to be more than self-supporting.

It is slight wonder that his impulses carried him as easily as zephyrs blow into the field of deaf education. He was fortunate, too, in having

a background of unusually broad experience and a long list of things done.

"Deaf education should do two things for these folk. It must provide them with a means of making a living. It is absolutely certain ninety per cent will make good. That is the minimum. There are 68 occupations and professions into which they are going, and they are happy.

"The second is the matter of oral speech. It might be better to say, the matter of ready conversation. Most of them can be taught to speak, and all of them can learn to read lips. When they learn both, ready conversation can be carried on, and their minds will have been released from an insufferable bondage.

"Ability to communicate is a cardinal necessity to human minds. It is the testimony of persons who have been isolated for a time, such as fire wardens on outposts and prisoners, and others, that inability to talk with other persons became after a time, of deep concern. It is so with deaf mutes."

Although he is superintendent over one of the large schools for the deaf, Manning's leadership extends far beyond the limits of Western Pennsylvania.

He is fixed in the opinion that education of deaf, blind, and feeble-minded children is as much an obligation on every municipality as that of normal children. To that end, he spares nothing that will spread the idea.

His boy and girl graduates go out into a long list of honorable pursuits. He takes pride in the fact that deaf persons very rarely are found guilty of law's infractions. They seldom run away from his institution. A visitor finds them engaged in about every type of manual workshop suitable to them and the instruction such a school can give.

His mail daily contains a stack of letters from them. He keeps posted and takes time to personally dictate replies to each and every one, that congratulate and make kindly suggestions as opportunity offers. He conceives his school as having as serious an influence after his graduates go out into life as when they were on the campus.

One graduate is in a department of the B. and O. Railroad, and signs annually vouchers for millions in money, and others occupy places of trust and responsibility in all sections of the United States. The fact that they are happy in accomplishment, instead of "moping in absolute silence and complete dependence," is a supreme satisfaction and a spur to greater researches into methods of deaf mute education.

—MILTON J. PHILLIPS



#### Boston University loses its well loved President—a Foremost Educator

"ACADEMICIANS and university presidents live too much in the realm of theory and are too impractical to achieve results." This was the cry of a hard-headed, imperial business man, "and yet," he added with a "but" pause, "the career of Dr. Lemuel Herbert Murlin, former president of Boston University, now at De Pauw, belies my statement. There is no more businesslike task than the building up of a small, struggling university with less than fourteen hundred students and an annual budget of \$200,000, to an institution of more than eleven thousand students, with a faculty second to none. This is the work that Dr. Murlin accomplished in Boston. He also raised the standard of the university,

to which he came in 1911, by business methods, until today it occupies an honored position as the largest institution of learning in New England."

From the very beginning Dr. Murlin planned to make Boston University a Hub institution, adopting as its motto, "In the heart of the city—in the service of the city." He believed that an urban university should place its resources freely at the service of the community. In line with this policy five new departments, which have since become the largest, were added, and Boston University now boasts of one of the largest and most successful Colleges of Business Administration in the country, as well as a College of Practical Arts and Letters for women, a School of Religious Education, a School of Education and a Summer Session which are notable accomplishments in their fields.

President Lowell of Harvard University recognized the service which Dr. Murlin has rendered New England in particular, and the educational world in general, when, in June, 1922, he said in conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, "The President of Boston University had the wisdom to perceive the service that could be rendered by a university in a large city and the capacity to make his vision true."

Like young Lochinvar, Dr. Murlin has "come out of the West." Born in Ohio in 1861, he attended Fort Wayne College of De Pauw University, receiving degrees in arts and sciences, later graduating from Garrett Biblical Institute.



**DR. LEMUEL HERBERT MURLIN**, President of Boston University since 1911, after having built that weak and struggling institution up to a strong and secure position in the educational world, has accepted the Presidency of De Pauw University where he passed his own student days

While serving as president of Baker University, Kansas, he received his appointment to the presidency of Boston University and came East with Mrs. Murlin, who has the distinction of being one of the first women to receive a Ph.D. Since that time the Boston home of Dr. and Mrs. Murlin has been a haven for students and members of the faculty alike. There is an indefinable something about the home life of these two broad-thinking, clear-sighted souls that preaches silent sermons to the young people of the city, that are much more impressive and eloquent than any spoken sermon could be.

Dr. Murlin is one of the most cheerful, sunny-dispositioned characters I have ever met. Never



is he without a broad smile or optimistic comment.

To see President Murlin address a meeting of his "boys and girls," as he calls the student body, is an inspiring scene. As he enters the hall (for no single room can seat the number that flock to hear his talks), the students rise to give him that evidence of respect which is due his position as one of America's foremost educators. It is Dr. Murlin, himself, who, with a friendly wave of the hand, bids them be seated. When Dr. Murlin eventually begins his talk, every ear is strained to catch his every word, a reflection of "prexy's" good humor.

Short, with a slight tendency toward the Pickwickian figure, Dr. Murlin is brimfull of animal spirit. Hair that is just graying, tops a face in which perpetual cheer and love are as easily read as in a book.

"We old folks have said the same thing about every other generation, and our fathers and grandfathers said the same thing about us. Everywhere I go well-meaning but misguided teachers and ministers tell me the young folks are rapidly going to hell. But I don't for an instant believe any such thing. Most of the young people I know are headed straight for Boston University."



#### More Liberalism in Liberal Judaism, the Cry of this Young Jewish Writer

WHILE at dinner with some Jewish friends recently, the conversation drifted to a new and brilliant young Jewish writer, James Waterman Wise. The author of a book on "Liberalizing Liberal Judaism," his ideas first met with rebuke. With the persistence of the man who feels that he is in the right, and knows that he is in the right, he did not stint his efforts, and today his very readable book is the subject of conversation and comment in the homes of thousands of Jews and Christians alike.

Dedicated to "Mother and Father in Reverence and Love," the foreword of the book is earmarked "Cambridge, England." Cambridge, it will be remembered, was the home of Claude G. Montefiore, the founder and undisputed chief of the Liberal Synagogue in England. Written



**JAMES WATERMAN WISE**, author of the book "Liberalizing Liberal Judaism," himself the son of the leading reform rabbi in America, is one of the earnest, forward-looking young Jews of this generation, who would vitalize and clarify the religion of the elders



**THE PRINCE OF WALES**, during his recent tour of the United States, visited a great many industrial establishments in order to obtain a comprehensive idea of American business and to acquire first hand information regarding how the major problems of big business are met and handled in this country. Of the many vast industrial plants that he viewed one of the most interesting was the stockyards at Chicago. He is shown above making a tour of the yards on horseback in company with Wellington Leavitt, head cattle buyer for the packing firm of Swift and Company (at left) and Mr. Louis F. Swift

in such an environment, it is no wonder that James Wise's outline of the fundamentals of Liberal Judaism represents a thorough study of the religious teachings of the greatest of Hebrew scholars. In it, also, is embodied the synthesis of the studies and teachings of his eminent father.

The son of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the leading reform rabbi in America, James Wise's comments on religion and the Jews are like flaming torches in the darkness of the lands of the Philistines, for he considers the smug complacency of the church almost an evil.

"The teachings of Liberal Judaism are no longer a driving power with the people," he declares. "They are too content with the achievements, intellectual and spiritual, of the forties, fifties, and sixties of the nineteenth century. Our faith must be re-examined. Reverently and with love we must search into the truths of our fathers."

The young author insists that it is the principle, if not the sole business, of religion to teach man how to live well. His theories, if carried to their ultimate consequences, lead us to the logical conclusion that there may be separate Jewish, Christian, and Moslem theologies and churches, with their particular dogmas, tradition, rites and observances, but that there cannot be separate Jewish, Christian, Moslem and Buddhist religions. This was the great revolutionary thought of the Hebrew prophets who proclaimed with crystalline clearness the Union of God and the Brotherhood of Man: one God, one mankind, consequently, one religion. To use Malachi's classical challenge: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why should we, therefore, deal treacherously every man against his brother?"

The youthful author insists that the vigorous and progressive clergy of America, Christian and Jewish, will see to it that they and their churches

again become vital, religious town-halls, so to speak, laboratories and workshops for the elaboration and practice of the great ideals of mankind: Truth, Justice, Peace.



#### Travel and Teaching School in Turkey gives this Novelist a Background

WHEN Grace Kellogg graduated from Smith College her former instructors looked forward to the career which they were sure she would carve out in the world. Nor were they mistaken—they knew Grace well enough. For some time she was prominent as a star and playwright in society and house dramas. Becoming interested in the suffrage campaign in Philadelphia, she entered upon a speaking tour, and proved that an intelligent and cultivated young gentlewoman could adorn a soap box with no detriment to herself or her cause. During the whole of this period she was merely preparing for her real work in life.

Ever since her childhood, the dominant purpose in her life had been to write. She had written her first original story at the age of five, and while still in her 'teens had completed a novelette that had been accepted and published serially. Undaunted, she put her early success behind her and faced the severe apprenticeship of newspaper work in preparation for the writing of her first novel, which was appropriately named "The Mold." True to the young woman's character, her first book was a novel with a mission.

She has traveled extensively in Europe and the Orient, and previous to her marriage to Mr. Griffith taught school for three years in Constantinople, Turkey. Out of the experience she gained during those eventful years, she has pro-



vided many an interesting story for young people with a surging ambition to travel.

Grace Kellogg Griffith is recognized as an author of no little merit. Speaking of her work, the New York *Sun* declared with regard to one of her recent books, that it "is a novel quite out of the ordinary," and the New York *Evening Post* considered it "a notably good piece of work."

Mrs. Griffith has no sympathy with the modern society woman who subordinates her sex to her



**MRS. GRACE KELLOGG GRIFFITH**, traveler, teacher and writer, is the author of a number of popular novels of present-day life with scenes and experiences in Europe and the Orient as a background

career. Mrs. Griffith said, "I always feel that it is a tragic mistake for a woman, under the illusion that she is 'devoting herself to her career,' to refuse motherhood. . . . I can also say that, if things are kept in proportion, a career is a help to being a successful mother."

Mrs. Grace Kellogg Griffith is one of those crusaders who follow their own teachings. She is the mother of four children who, she declares, have given her an insight into the solution of that problem which confronts the woman of special ability along business, professional or artistic lines, who wishes to exercise that ability and at the same time be a mother and build a home.



#### Quite Naturally Boston Stands in the Front Rank of Psychology

**T**HERE are many Psychology Clubs over the country, but as usual Boston has a club that has stepped out many paces to the front with the spirit of New England initiative. For some years a quiet but earnest worker in this club, it was inevitable that Dr. Frank D. Stanton, a practicing physician of the Osteopathic School, should eventually be chosen president. Now serving his third successive term as the presiding officer of the Boston Club of Applied Psychology, an organization with a membership of over eight hundred, he is executive head of the largest and most active institution of its kind in the country.

Every Monday night, at Jordan Hall in the New England Conservatory of Music building, Dr. Stanton presides in a modest, unassuming way at meetings of intense popular interest. He presents the speakers and teachers of psychology from all parts of the country. As a well known psychologist and teacher of Osteopathy, he is president of the New England Federation of Psychology Clubs, secretary of the Massachusetts Osteopathic Society, and also of the Massa-



Photo by Bachrach

**DR. FRANK D. STANTON**, President of the Boston Club of Applied Psychology, the executive head of the largest and most active institution of its kind in the country. As a well-known psychologist and teacher of Osteopathy, he is president of the New England Federation of Psychology Clubs, secretary of the Massachusetts Osteopathic Society, and also of the Massachusetts Osteopathic Hospital. At the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy he is professor of Therapeutic Psychology

chusetts Osteopathic Hospital. At the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy he is professor of Therapeutic Psychology.

From early boyhood he was interested in new things and early became interested in Osteopathy. During his studies with Dr. Still in Missouri, and later in his practice, he developed keen interest in the study of psychology. He insists that we have only begun to realize the value of its teachings and that we are just on the threshold of its multifarious blessings.

"I think Psychology is much broader in application than we contemplate," he declares. "It applies thought to the mass as well as to the individuals composing the mass. We have panics that are psychological as we have prosperity that is psychological. As individuals learn to apply psychology according to basic and scientific methods, its scope as an influence for public good becomes evident. There will come a time when we will wonder why we did things so and so—why we have lost time and effort in doing useless things that could have been avoided and overlooked—useless things that under other circumstances would have counted for much."

There is a hunger to know how to do things

successfully on the part of the younger people, and the older people who may have tried and failed. Hope is the spirit of America—psychology seems to stimulate hope.



#### This Danish Dairy Expert Has Travelled the "Milky Way on Earth"

**F**ROM farmer to railroad worker to college professor and member of important state and national commissions seems like the skeleton plot of one of Horatio Alger's stories for boys, just as the career of many a hero of fiction has been outdone in fact. The progress of most of Alger's characters has been excelled and exceeded by the development of Frederik Rasmussen.

On a dairy farm near Hals, Denmark, in 1876, the former Professor of Agriculture first saw the light of day. When he was twenty-two years of age he followed the example of many of his countrymen in those days and came to the United States in 1899.

Young Rasmussen neither expected, nor found, wealth immediately. With the characteristic



**FREDERIK RASMUSSEN**, noted authority on dairying, was born in Denmark, but has been a resident of the United States since his youth. As a writer, teacher, professor, administrator and lacteal expert he is world famous

energy of the Norse he began at once to pave the road to success in a very modest way. He worked first as a bridge carpenter for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and after a year of railroad experience he went back to his first love, the soil, and spent a year on a dairy farm in Iowa.

In the winter of 1902, Mr. Rasmussen entered Iowa State College and became a candidate for a degree. He specialized in dairying which had always been his hobby. After graduation he accepted a position at Purdue University, Indiana, as butter maker in charge of the Purdue University Creamery, in which position he instructed students in the secrets of good butter making. Four years later he joined the teaching staff of the Iowa State College at Ames, and was for one year Assistant Professor of Dairying at that institution, the following year ac-

Continued from page 384

# The Model Playhouse of the World

*The new E. F. Albee Theatre in Brooklyn one of the most costly, beautiful and perfectly appointed playhouses in the world. A majestic monument to the genius of the Master of Vaudeville*

By JOE MITCHELL  
CHAPPLE

THE "Triumph of Personality" was a life epic presented in Brooklyn, A.D. 1925, on the 19th day of January, when the "E. F. Albee" theatre was opened with the greeting of the President of the United States. Approaching this monument to an idea I felt the message conveyed in the modest electric sign which flashed in letters of fire, "The E. F. Albee."

As I stood outside looking at the beautiful structure located in the whirling maelstrom of the largest populated borough in Greater New York, I thought of that building as something animate. Then I went around to the other side of the playhouse and there came to me a magic memory of B. F. Keith. In the shadows of the triangle were recollections of Paul Keith, his son. These men were named by Mr. Albee with himself as founders of the Keith ideal and in connection with his latest triumph—years after the death of his companions—E. F. Albee remembered them and modestly placed his name as only one of the founders of the Keith circuit, associating their names with an enterprise that engirdles many of the largest cities of America. This fact in itself revealed to me a soul in modern business.

The moment I crossed the threshold I realized I was entering the model playhouse of the world. Before us was a vision of softness, daintiness, and yet a luxurious ruggedness in the blend of color. To me it spelled E. F. Albee because I had witnessed before the results of his artistic decorative genius. Pictures, divans, rugs, chairs, all seemed an ensemble, a setting of a scene, of a dream home where those little touches of harmonizing colors, cushions and curtains made the picture seem complete. Nothing stood out in garish splendor, but all submerged in the soft tones of a pastel. Once inside the grand hall the largest rug in the world lightens the tread. This floor covering, weighing more than a ton, and covering a space of forty feet by seventy feet, was woven in the historic looms of Maffersdorf in Czecho-Slovakia with ten million Gordian knots tied in the making. It presented a supreme achievement in floor tapestry and was made under the direct supervision of Mr. Albee. Statuary furnishes a touch of "rounded life in a room," said Emerson. In the center of the grand hall was a horse in bronze that lent a suggestion of action to the scene. The pictures were hung with exquisite taste and this collection of famous paintings will be seen by more people, more often, than the canvasses in many of the noted public galleries. Here the people share in the joy of the collection that Mr. Albee has been making for a lifetime.

Over and over the thought came to me that this is a home and all those present are guests. Everything that Mr. Albee has been able to acquire in the way of art collections he has given to his theatres. The massive prism overhead cast a brilliant reflection on the marble stairway at either side leading to the balcony, which seems

to be the cozy heart of the theatre home—a favorite nook with Mr. Albee. In the cheery light of a fireplace all aglow, with three chairs and three pieces of tapestry costing \$34,000, one forgets all about values. In the corner was a grand piano and a fountain playing, that furnished a sylvan tinkle on that evening when music and happiness were in the air. On either side of the entrance are dressing rooms, I should say boudoirs. Every thought and wish of milady, the guest, seems to have been anticipated. The same thoughtfulness extends "backstage" and in the front of the house, for Mr. Albee is looking always for the comfort and convenience of patrons and performers.

Now for the scene that will never be forgotten in connection with the opening of the model playhouse. On the steps of the balcony in the grand hall Mr. Edward F. Albee was greeted by a large delegation of old vaudevillians, some eminent, others not so eminent, and some who are on their way to eminence. They tendered an earnest and loving tribute to the master mind of vaudeville and presented a commemorative tablet. Will Rogers was present, insisting that E. F. Albee was "boss of the ranch." Fred Stone paid his tribute in words that vibrated with gratitude: "This noble theatre with its perfection of appointments for the people of the stage is the ultimate evidence of that spirit of co-operation and mutual respect, which Mr. Albee has at last perpetuated between the manager and artists, bringing dignity to the entire theatrical profession, who reciprocate most heartily this fine attitude of mutuality and understanding."

This was the supreme moment for Edward F. Albee. This was the most cherished reward for years of dreaming, struggling, planning and working to create a model playhouse.

In the setting were associations of his lifetime activity. From the choir pillars of the Cathedral Notre Dame de Paris, where they served as

a decoration in the anniversary services commemorative of Jeanne d'Arc's deliverance of France from the British, were the three Aubusson tapestries. They represented Jeanne d'Arc, in the garb of a simple shepherdess, greeting her King of France. The poems of Jean Chapelain written in 1595, inspired the scenes represented in this trio of historic tapestries, telling the romantic and tragic story of the Maid of Domremy.

Now for the poem of the occasion—the great auditorium in its radiant red plush, massive cur-



EDWARD F. ALBEE, the master mind of Vaudeville, has added to the great chain of playhouses that he controls and manages the crystallization of architectural and artistic dreams in what experts declare to be the most perfect theatre in the world

tains, comfortable seats, and above, the ivory-tinted dome that seemed to have caught the reflection of a lingering sunset. On the stage massive and impressive in its proportions, appeared a Judge of the Appellate Court, and the President of the Borough of Brooklyn with greetings in which Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, recognized with millions of people the triumph of the Albee idea which he





**THE LOUNGE OF THE NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS' CLUBHOUSE**—one of the most artistic and luxurious club interiors in America. Paneled with rich Italian marble and furnished with English club furniture, covered with figured mohairs. The floor is of white marble with Alps blue marble border, and in the centre is a magnificent Burgundy colored rug. The clubhouse, located on West 46th Street, New York, just west of Broadway, in the heart of the theatre district, is an impressive testimonial to E. F. Albee's successful efforts to lift Vaudeville from its former lowly estate and place it on a level with other theatrical offerings

has so modestly expressed through the B. F. Keith institutions.

Mr. Albee in his office in New York directing great enterprises is never too busy to hear the signal for help. With a radiating smile he sends forth the checks to the call of distress or the bereaved families of the knights of vaudeville who have fallen by the way. He has provided for every member of his organization from office boy and scrubwoman to his own assistants, the protection of life insurance fortifying his large theatrical family against the terrors of want in old age and a pauper's funeral. I have seen him at his home in Larchmont entertaining guests in much the same way as patrons are entertained in his theatres. Long ago he declared that no man in business can shirk the responsibilities which he holds to others, and that the recreations and amusements of the people are an important factor in molding national character.

With the innate habit of the host on this opening night he was placing the chairs "just so," seeing that everybody around him had a good seat, and there was not a matchbox awry, or a picture out of angle. It recalled the old days when he managed the Keith theatres in Boston and had the janitors and scene-shifters look carefully to see that everything was tidy and keep their boots blacked and trousers creased. The obsession of having things just right and

ship-shape in E. F. Albee probably comes from his sea-faring forebears who played an important part in the stirring drama of colonial days. It was at Machias, Maine, his birthplace, that the fortunes of war were changed when the valiant pioneers of Machias beat off the vessels of the British fleet that had arrived backed with all the pride and traditions of naval victory, from the days of the Spanish Armada to bombard and wreck the cities along the coast.

In everything that E. F. Albee does he insists upon sharing the honor with others. The Keith theatres began in a little store building adjoining the Adams House in Boston, at a time that Oliver Optic was writing his stirring tales of adventure. This theatre somehow partook of the atmosphere of Boston as the cultured centre of the world. It was the birth of a new ideal in vaudeville when E. F. Albee insisted on using the last five hundred dollars which Mr. Keith had in the treasury, to redecorate and organize the Gaiety Company and produce Gilbert and Sullivan operas at "ten and twenty."

Boston people understood it all and commented on the innovation of handsome mirrors, gold frames and vases (broad a) in making the very entrance to Keith's a showplace in Boston and a suggestion of a theatrical elysium within.

For a third of a century this idea has flowered until now every city in the Keith circuit reflects

Mr. Albee's handiwork in the daintily tinted ivory and gray decorations as well as in the programs on the stage. He insists that the two must harmonize and go together. In that first Keith theatre there were only six performers all told. Now, over 25,000 artists of high attainments in every branch of theatrical art are included in the Keith legions. From the 382 seats in that first theatre, nearly a million and a half have been added to care for the daily audiences who sit and comfortably witness a performance with all the complacency of an evening at home.

Some years ago Mr. Albee built the clubhouse for the Vaudeville Protective Association in New York which carried out his dominant home idea for the people "backstage."

After the performance on this opening night in Brooklyn, the audience lingered as if loathe to go, studying the ceiling and the decorations and enjoying the pictures and the Grand Hall as if the midnight hour was far away. A group surrounded the two Corot masterpieces that seemed to have immortalized the breath of the forest. Here a lyric expression of the soul of the painter-poet Bouguereau. Here a George Innis where the brush of the master of the Hudson River School had perpetuated a landscape never to be forgotten. There DeWitt, "greatest of Dutchmen," Felix Zeim of whom the great Gautier



**THE NEW E. F. ALBEE THEATRE**, Brooklyn, of the Keith-Albee Circuit, exhibits every detail of comfort, convenience, luxury and ornate beauty which art and science could provide and good taste suggest. The Grand Hall was designed especially as an art gallery for the display of original masterpieces by the great painters of mediæval and modern times. These pictures are a part of the famous collection of representative oil paintings which Mr. Albee has been making for twenty years, and which is now one of the largest and most distinguished private collections in this country. The floor covering of the Grand Hall is the largest and most beautiful rug in the world, specially designed and woven on the historic rug looms of Maffersdorf in Czecho-Slovakia

said, "he has produced the most beautiful painting of modern times." These pictures in themselves are worthy of an admission price but just now they seemed to belong to everybody to look upon and enjoy. It recalled the use of the old Boston Museum where people would go to see pictures of animals and wax-works on a pretense that they might drift into the theatre later, showing that art and entertainment are not so far apart after all.

In all that he does Mr. Albee aims for the superlative. The thoroughness with which he does things has made every year of his life eventful. He early learned how to give himself and his own talent and ability for the purpose of doing some good to others. Fearless and undaunted he has fought his battles and had his ups and downs; but long ago he recognized in John D. Rockefeller a master mind who had given the world something that will endure and remain of permanent benefit to humanity. He appreciated that efficient business methods mean the division of power and profits. Early in his career he began to plan on expending money as well as making money, in a way

that would exemplify the best conception of simple service to others. Without reserve he has held fast to the moorings of an unselfish purpose.

There is a side of Mr. Albee's life little known to the people. His belief in spiritual development and following the simple teachings of Christ, which he insists are not so difficult to follow, for the lowly Nazarene always taught in affirmatives rather than negatives. Religion in Mr. Albee's case has been expressed in deeds rather than words and he maintains the old-fashioned habit of attending Divine worship and enjoying sermons on Sunday.

During the World War the Keith theatres under Mr. Albee's direction were open forums for every sort of service to the government. This was not abandoned with wartimes, but has been continued on to this day. The altruism of rendering service to the public is a characteristic obsession with Mr. Albee. The Keith theatres are placed at the disposal of local talent for rehearsal of choral societies, opera clubs, dramatic organizations in the various cities throughout the country where they are located, encouraging

all constructive movements, such as lectures, concerts, mass meetings and non-sectarian religious services.

In biographical sequence the life story of Edward F. Albee, the lad who hailed from down east in Maine, and started in Boston as a cash-boy in the store of Jordan Marsh and Company on to the time when Jim Fisk patted him on the head and secured him a job in a theatre, every year of his life was filled with episodes that range from the days with P. T. Barnum and the traveling wagon circus on to this night in January, 1925, when his profession acclaimed that E. F. Albee had given the last word in theatres the world over in his model playhouse in Brooklyn.

All this accomplished in a lifetime spanning less than three score and seven years, is one of the marvels of American achievement. From the eminent men of the nation, prominent financial leaders, on down to the office boy and the myriad of patrons and theatregoers the country over, the genius of Edward F. Albee had been felt and appreciated long before he was known or recognized as a leader in constructive public service.



# Supervising Adjusted Compensation

*Arranging the details of the distribution of the greatest amount of compensation for war services ever awarded by any country in history is the task assigned to the Adjutant General of the United States*

WITH the gift of Adjusted Compensation to more than four million of Americans for military service rendered their country during the World War and the task of inquiring into the records of about five million men to establish the correctness of each claim, Major General Robert Courtney Davis, the Adjutant General of the United States Army, found himself confronted, on entering the duties as head of the Adjusted Compensation Branch of the War Department, with the necessity of mailing out fifteen million blanks to the four corners of the country, to be returned with the application for their adjusted compensation. And in addition, all this great volume of mail required wrapping, addressing and sealing. Then further correspondence will be necessary in many cases before the final transmission of the certificate to the United States Veteran's Bureau, which will probably bring the number of pieces of mail required in this stupendous work to twenty-five million before the great gift is distributed into the hands of the ex-service men, soldiers or their relatives. When this feat has been accomplished it will have been the greatest distribution of compensation for services in war ever distributed by any country in history. It will reach into the homes of more than one-half of the population of the country. It will distribute more wealth than is included in the annual revenues of more than one-half of the countries of the globe, for this distribution is estimated by government experts to finally exceed four billions of dollars.

To accomplish this enormous work, General Davis set up his organization in one of the massive war emergency buildings still standing on The Mall and summoned as his staff: Major John N. Smith, Jr., Adjutant General; Major Michael J. O'Brien, Adjutant General; Maj. Harry Coope, Adjutant General; Major F. Granville Munson, Judge Advocate; Captain Eugene M. Landrum, Adjutant General; Captain Joseph N. Dalton, Infantry; Captain David A. Watt, Adjutant General; Captain Joseph P. Cromwell, Infantry; Captain Charles A. Easterbrook, Field Artillery; Captain Kenneth B. Bush, Infantry; Captain Edwin N. van Voorhees, Infantry; Captain William A. Haverfield, Cavalry; Captain Gilbert S. Woolworth, Judge Advocate; Captain Harold A. Barnes, Quartermaster's Corps; Captain William E. Chickering, Infantry. They set to work removing the ten thousand cases of files from the War Department and started three thousand clerks on the undertaking.

The volume of this task opened up when the government printing office was ready to start printing the fifteen million blanks, and General Davis sent to the mammoth plant hundreds of clerks to enter upon the work of mailing them out as they came from the presses.

Probably not in all the country or in the uniform could a man more suited by training, ability proven on the battlefield, and by temper-

ment of nature, so eminently fitted for this stupendous task have been found. General Davis has had an enviable record in the military service, in peace and in war, training young men and raw recruits, directing the assembling and movement of great units, and in his earlier career commanding in battle. His way up to success has been hewn with the sword or attracted by genius displayed in war.

Robert Courtney Davis was born at Lancaster, Pa., October 12, 1876, the son of Thomas J. and Lydia (Lemon) Davis. He attended the common schools during his boyhood, and gained a cadetship to West Point from which military institution he graduated in the class of 1898, and was immediately assigned to duty in the army. Four years later he married Miss Ruby Caroline Hale, of his home town, Lancaster. His military career really started with his graduation, for he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the 17th Infantry, April 26, 1898. Advancement



© Harris & Ewing

**MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT COURTNEY DAVIS**, as Adjutant-General of the United States Army, is demonstrating his capacity for successfully performing stupendous tasks by the progress he is making in distributing the soldiers' adjusted compensation to the millions of deserving ex-service men

came fast and service even more rapidly, for his commission was signed about the time the Spanish-American war was getting under way, and in that war and the insurrection in the Philippine Islands, immediately following its conclusion, he got his baptism of fire. He went immediately to the front when war was declared on Spain and participated in the campaign against Santiago de Cuba, being in the engagements on both San Juan Hill and El Caney. These were the troops who bore the brunt of the battle and saw the greatest service during the war. Davis was not on the inactive list during any of the time there, for one year later, 1899, we find him on the opposite side of the earth engaged in the Philippine expedition against Aguinaldo, in those tropical island jungles, until the next year had witnessed peace. For another year, however, Davis was stationed in the Philippines, but in the following year, 1901, he was assigned as Instructor in the Department of Tactics in West Point, his alma mater, and it is shown that he had been promoted through the grades to captain (temporary). At the Military Academy he remained for four years (1901-5) and then joined the army of Cuban Pacification 1906-1909.

Returning, he was assigned to the Massachusetts National Guard during the summers 1907-9; was aid to Major General Barry for two years, 1909-11; again at the United States Military Academy for two years, 1911-12, as adjutant; Adjutant 17th Infantry, 1912-13. War was then looming in Europe and the world was becoming unsettled. Davis was ordered to the Philippine Islands again as Inspector and Instructor of the Philippine Scouts, where he remained two years, 1914-16. He was ordered to duty in the office of the Adjutant General of the United States Army early in 1917 when the United States had made ready for war on Germany. He arrived in France July 28, 1917, and was assigned as assistant to the Adjutant General, American Expeditionary Force, on the day of his arrival, serving there to November 26, 1917; was acting Adjutant General A. E. F. from November 27, 1917 to January 22, 1918; assistant to the Adjutant General A. E. F. from January 23 to April 30, 1918; appointed Adjutant General of the American Expeditionary Force May 1, 1918. He was in that great office at the time of the height of the war and until the armistice, November 12. The vast movement of the army back to the United States and the winding up of the expedition and disposing of the billions of dollars' worth of supplies and munitions and implements of war and the peace negotiations kept Europe in a stir and the seas bridged with ships. But during this time Adjutant General Davis had a more lasting task to perform. The records of the soldiers, the checking of the lists and locating the dead and missing, burying the dead in cemeteries where he arranged with the French Government for registering the graves, and bringing those back which were returned, were his duties. This was accom-

Continued on page 326

# The Universal Distributors

*The Printer gives form to the dreams of the World, wings to the vision of Poets, Statesmen and Philosophers. He is the distributor of the products of man's brain, the things that he makes with his hands, and the secrets that he wrings from Nature*

By FRED HIGH

FOR years it has been my contention that since advertising is more and more dominating the policy of the press and magazines; and since the publishers of books must comply with the demands of commercial usages, and since the Lyceum and Chautauqua, the schools, colleges, universities and public forums must all meet the demands of the financial powers that control their very being, that it is only wise to turn to the pamphlet as the medium through which the facts about personal business, new or novel ideas, new inventions and new theories, can be carried to the people in the most successful manner.

Instead of blaming the rule of Plutocracy we should recognize the inevitable fact that he who owns a thing will always exercise his right to run it and to dictate its policies. Money rules. Let us recognize the other fact that he is the freest to express his ideas who has the least in the way of worldly goods to incumber his activities.

The early Christians were commanded to dispose of all of their possessions, give the money to the poor and to go forth to preach. Christianity, until the printing press was made practical, demanded of its advocates that they offer themselves up as martyrs to that cause and they were often burned at the stake. The printing press gradually changed that system. Today personal persecution has largely been robbed of its terrors and is often defeated by the pamphleteering process that enables even a comparatively poor person to exploit his or her views or theories by the use of the printed page. The secrecy of the mails, the comprehensive facts of intellectual appeal, and the greatest army ever organized—Uncle Sam's Mail Service—are at our service.

TWENTY-FIVE years of experience on the platform and as an editor has convinced me that for the same amount of money, time and personal effort put forth where the subject discussed is new, novel or unusual, the pamphlet can be made to reach its thousands where the speaker or a personal worker reaches hundreds. This is also true in cases where the regular publications are closed to our appeal. The pamphlet is to a business or to a cause what the sharp-shooter is to war.

The fact that today the greatest selling literary force in America is the little five-cent booklet of which one firm at Girard, Kansas, has sold fifty million copies in three years; of which one million copies have been sold in Chicago in less than two months, and the further fact that the most popular seller in this list is "Plato's Life and Death of Socrates," shows that people will read solid literature. Yes, they will buy it. We contemplate great ideas and reach out for nobler ideals as much in this age as they did in the time when Christianity was launched.

The pamphlet has the advantage of creating its own atmosphere and is not handicapped by

being smothered in advertising, suffocated in sensations, obscene news, sporty pages, fashions' folly, press agent's lies, propaganda's stealthy pretense, or Mammon's greed.

When we use the printed page we reach the most people that it is possible for us to reach, and when we use the pamphlet we use the most unbiased form of the printer's art and it is the fundamental way of changing the ideals, thoughts, acts and beliefs of those whom we reach. I have studied the efforts of the spoken word and know from personal experience the power of the man on the platform, and am not fooled by the applause or the evidence of disapproval that is a part of platform effort. I know the laws that govern the speaker's activities.

I believe that the most permanent convert to any cause is he who reads and thinks his way into a movement, or into adopting a mode of conduct, or a method of doing business. The proof that this contention is correct and that the printed word forms the basis for the spoken appeal and



FRED HIGH of Chicago, editor, lecturer, publisher, writer, speaker, is a firm believer in the supreme power of the printed word to lead and direct the thought of the world, bring light out of darkness, reform abuses, and make the world a better and a brighter place. He says: "A drop of ink will make millions think."

the two combined give the greatest possible result, is the story that history has to reveal to us.

Religion has thrived best where its tenets have had the widest circulation. Christianity—the fastest growing of all—has kept its output of millions of Bibles well up with its pulpit utterances. The fastest growing cults of our day—Christian Science and the Millennial Dawn—have been the greatest users of printer's ink.

Socialism has grown the world over because its devotees have kept their printers as busy as they have their street corner soap box orators or parlor agitators.

Oceans have been bridged with printed cargoes of propaganda. A hundred thousand Bolsheviks have made Russian activities better known in America than the storekeeper has made his wares known to his immediate country neighbors, with the result that the greatest nation on earth is actually seriously discussing the fears of a revolution to be brought about by those who use the printed and spoken word as their agents. Dunn and Bradstreet show that last year 65 per cent of our retail merchants lost money, 25 per cent broke even and 10 per cent made money—and further investigation shows that the largest percentage of non-users of printer's ink is found among the 65 per cent, the next largest in the 25 per cent and the greatest percentage of those who use printer's ink are found in the 10 per cent class that made money.

THE fastest growing and most prosperous form of merchandising today is the Mail Order House with its millions of catalogues—shipped by the train load, and distributed by the thousands in territory where the local merchants are less represented by printer's ink than the rulers of Russia, or the dethroned Kaiser of Germany.

The department stores with their efficient, effective, scientific advertising are close to the 100 per cent mark of success. They too understand the selling power of printer's ink.

Vaudeville managers spend millions on printing and make millions for themselves, while Grand Opera spends millions on artists and dollars on the best advance agents they could hire, with the result that Grand Opera has to be subsidized by the rich, while Vaudeville elevates its most lonely and humble to the rank of plutocracy and power.

H. Elmer Hart, President of what *Forbes's Magazine* recently called "The Largest Small Town Store in America," last year did \$400,000 gross business in a town of 1,343 population. He conducts a printing plant in connection with his store at Long Prairie, Minnesota.

Mr. Hart is President of the Minnesota Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association and in a recent letter sent to five thousand merchants he said:

"If, for the next dozen years, local trade continues to be diverted from the natural channels



to the same extent as it has during the last ten, very serious consequences of a national character will ensue. Hundreds of towns will die; thousands of retailers will be bankrupted, and hundreds, thousands—perhaps millions—of the rural

The great fairs, shows and expositions have done wonders in the way of developing the American hen into a prize winner, but the humble catalogue and little ads in the papers have added most in developing the hen into a money maker.

Chickens were once the by-product of the farm, and eggs furnished pin money for the house-wife, but today the poultry and egg business is one of our very largest industries. From pennies to billions tells the story. The hen cackles and the rooster crows, but it is the money made in poultry that really talks.

Bankers today find the public easiest influenced through the printed page, and the way for all great loans, drives, and appeals are prepared by a campaign of propaganda.

The automobile was built on the same plan of human interest appeal as sports, theatrical adventures, moving pictures, prize fights, politics and all other forms of human activity.

The best authorities now admit that publicity is an enterprise. It has developed from the circus press agent until it is one of the most important

factors of American life. In its ramifications and in its influences, it goes everywhere and effects everybody.

It is a fact that the great World War was brought on by the aid of printer's ink, it was won by changing the thought of the German and Austrian people, breaking down their will to war.

Henry Ford has developed a greater genius for publicity than he has for building automobiles. From his racing days and the time when he paid real money for Ford jokes down to the present moment when he has the world guessing as to his political intentions, he has kept the printers of America busy. He has his own paper with a weekly circulation of more than five hundred thousand copies, and this has all worked to make him not only the richest man in the world, but the best known and most liked multi-millionaire that ever lived.

Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest user of the printed word that ever sat in the White House. His writings not only made him money but they gave him the ear, eye and mind of the world. He went from the Presidency to a publishing house and came very near to going from the publishing house back to the Presidency.

Woodrow Wilson wrote a book—"The New Freedom"—that caught the public imagination, and this awakened interest carried him into the White House. He conducted the World War with printer's ink and a press agent—George Creel.

Our late President, Warren G. Harding, was more than an editor. He was a Chautauqua lecturer and knew the value of the spoken word and grew rich on printing.

We have made the sea give up its secrets, the heavens reveal their mystery, the earth yield its riches by making these discoveries and achieve-

ments of man a matter of record and common knowledge.

Radio got its great start on the wave of universal popularity by the output of the printing office and now those who are searching after the unseen things that are in the world beyond are finding their greatest co-workers among the printers.

THE one conclusion is that he who has not made friends with the editor and job printers has missed the greatest working force in life.

If faith without works is dead, then the greatest factor in life is the one that does most to turn the dreams and hopes of men into the practical affairs of life, and this the printer certainly does.

Don't growl because the editor refuses to jeopardize his life's work, his savings, his investment and the good will of his business simply to please you or to meet your wishes. He is right in refusing to publish your theories or contentions, or further your selfish purposes when you haven't faith enough in your own proposition to spend a few dollars by having it printed by your local printer. It is just as reasonable to ask a truck driver to haul your wares to the place where you want to make delivery as to ask a newspaper to "tote" your ideas when they are contrary to the accepted theory as held by the masses. I say this in spite of the fact that I have been rated as a radical editor, and as the publisher of my own magazine I often went so far as to face the penitentiary by giving the underdog a chance.

One reading this article might think that I place a very low value on the speaker's power, but such is not the case. I know from years of experience that the speaker in his place is more powerful than the printer, but I also know that 90 per cent of the people receive their ideas through the eye and not through the ear—that is why I employ both the spoken and printed word.

If you have an idea or a purpose, talk it up as best you can, then hire a printer to put your ideas into type, or do like Henry George, put it into form—even if you have to publish it yourself, as he was compelled to do with his single tax theory.

Diplomacy today is being carried on more by the propagandist than by the diplomat. Propaganda is international in its efforts, world wide in its ramifications and practical in its use everywhere. The printer gives form to the dreams of the world, wings to the visions of poets, statesmen and philosophers. He is the universal distributor of the products of man's brain, the things he makes with his hands, the things he gathers from the earth, the secrets he wrings from Nature and the revelations that he receives from the world beyond.

HERE is a story that shows in detail how this has been worked out by a small-town merchant, Mr. Fred Mann, of Devil's Lake, North Dakota. We will hear what he has to say, and see what he has accomplished.

Quoting from Mr. Mann:

"When I was a lad just becoming of age, the only experience I ever had had in merchandising was driving a delivery wagon and working around the warehouse of a general store. I was only drawing thirty-eight dollars a month and that's the highest salary I ever drew until I started paying myself a salary, and that is one reason why I thought I'd like to go into business, because I was dissatisfied with the salary I was getting.

"Fortunately for me, a banker in our city,



FRED MANN, General Merchant at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, has achieved a notable success in building up a city business in a country town by following the rules that make city merchants successful. He is a forceful, original, and persistent advertiser, who backs up his advertising campaign with real salesmanship, good merchandise, reasonable prices, wonderful variety and splendid store display

population will be driven to the industrial centers to search for employment."

Mr. Hart says: "The fact that some towns and some merchants are succeeding shows that the problem is not incapable of solution."

Probably no other man in America today has spent so much time and effort in a serious and determined effort to master the problem of retail selling as Frank Stockdale, and he maintains that the best way to sell goods is through the eye, and the best way to sell ideas is to display them. He says:

You can lead a horse to water,  
You can also make him drink,  
You can put your Message over,  
If you picture it in ink.

THE conclusion inevitably reached by all who give this question of how to best reach the hearts and minds of men, a broad scientific, unbiased comprehensive study is that booklets, pamphlets, newspapers and magazines backed by real salesmanship are the most effective way that we have to reach the heart, mind and conscience of the people. The ideal method of course is where the spoken message is preceded by an intensive distribution of literature, reading, advertising and propaganda humanized by personal effort.

Then this campaign should be followed by a similar campaign to clinch the arguments and instill greater enthusiasm in the hearts and minds of the people. Whether our purpose is business promotion, mechanical invention, ethical culture, sociological changes or political manipulation—the plan of operation should be the same.

In business, every house of any consequence has its House Organ, News-Letter, printed pamphlets, advertising appeals or news notes for the public.

knowing my aspirations to become a merchant, recommended me to a wholesale grocery house in St. Paul. He thought I would make a pretty good customer. But I didn't have any money. However, he thought I possessed honesty, pep and a determination to get somewhere.

"On the strength of that they sent a traveling salesman out to interview me, and I was the most surprised man, I believe, in the United States the day that traveling salesman walked into the warehouse where I was working and said his firm had sent him out there to sell me a stock of groceries.

"I had only been able to save about seventy-five dollars, working at thirty-eight dollars a month. However, I accepted the proposition and went to St. Paul and bought sixteen hundred dollars worth of groceries, took them home and put them in a little building that I rented for fifteen dollars a month. I had them all nicely arranged and, fortunately for me, a man came in and talked advertising to me. He said, 'Fred, I believe if you let the people of this community know that you have opened a store, what you have for sale, that you'd like their business, that you will succeed.'

"I afterwards found that he had an object, not only in selling me advertising, but he wanted to sell me the right kind of advertising, because there wasn't a merchant in Devil's Lake at that time who was doing any real advertising. Fortunately for me, I took his advice.

"He wrote the first opening announcement, stating that I had opened the store, told what I was going to sell and that I'd like the patronage of the people of that community. Then afterwards he said, 'Now, you'll have to write the ads. Be sure and get in something peppy, change your ad every week.'

"I told him I didn't know how to write an advertisement, and that is what I find all over the country today. To me the greatest tragedy in the retail business of the United States is just that one thing.

"I started in to run this little grocery business, to read *Printer's Ink*, to write my ads and to succeed. It was quite a joke to the merchants of the town that this boy who had to borrow one hundred and twenty-five dollars from his father to pay the freight on his first consignment of goods when it came, should presume to set up in business. They gave me about six weeks. They thought I would not be able to pay my next month's rent. When I began to buy the advertising they thought it was the last straw—if any man was foolish enough to advertise in that manner, he would fail sure.

"Fortunately I had something they didn't have and that was the wonderful selling power of good advertising. Fortunately for me they kept on the old style of advertising:

"John Jones, S. E. Corner Main St., General Merchandise,' while every week the newspaper came out with my strong little ads.

"Shortly after that I discovered that I wasn't reaching all of the people in our territory through the newspaper. I began to study the mail order method of getting business. I discovered how they got it by sending out their wonderful catalogs, personal letters and circulars of all kinds.

"Then I conceived the idea of getting a mailing list. I got a small mailing list. We used to send out a direct-by-mail ad, addressed it ourselves or had some of the girls around the store address it with pen and ink. After we got the typewriter they did it with a typewriter. That was a little better.

"Of course our business grew! It grew from

the very start. We outgrew our quarters several times. So at last we determined to erect a building large enough to house our business, and when we got that finished and moved into it we decided to have a community good time, and celebrate.

"I wrote a personal letter to each one on our mailing list. We had at that time 3,500 names on our selected list. We invited all the farmers to come to town for our grand opening and be our guests. We told them we would have music, hot coffee would be served free, and that we would like to have them come in and help celebrate the opening of the new store.

"Well, they came. They responded to that invitation and the opening was a wonderful success. We decided then in order to get the volume, it would be necessary to increase the mailing list and go farther out and to use a much larger variety of direct-by-mail advertising. So we started to originate a lot of direct-by-mail advertising ourselves and to appeal to our wholesalers and jobbers and manufacturers for anything that we could get that we might send out to the people.

"About two years ago the store had attracted considerable national reputation. Mr. MacDonald of the Curtis Publishing Company came to our city and wrote an article on our store, and it was one of the first articles appearing in the Curtis publications about big country merchants.

"The story was illustrated with a one-hoss shay, 'obsolete business methods.' Over on the left was Fred Mann and the modern farmer, riding in an automobile, the farmer waving his hat at the old, obsolete methods. It is headed:

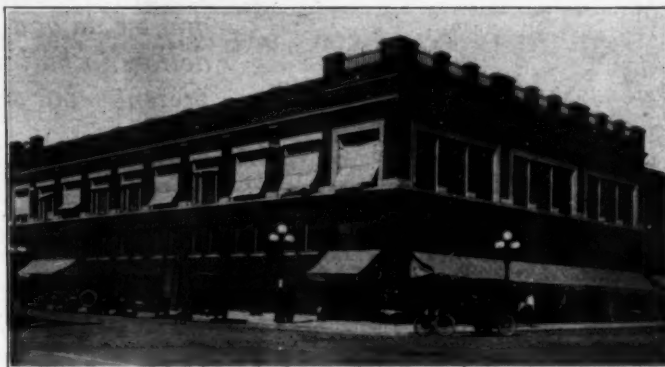
"Fred Mann Proves that Nothing Is a Bit too Good for the Farmer."

"When I saw that article, I thought that the farmers of my community ought to have a copy of this *Country Gentleman* so I hunted up the little lad that had the agency in our town, a little freckled-faced lad by the name of Sidney Baker, and asked him to wire the Curtis publications and see if they could get me two thousand copies of that issue. They shipped me two thousand by express. I had a letter printed on blue paper, just a letter to the farmers telling them that through their co-operation with us, patronizing their own store in their own city, that they had assisted us in building this great business there in Devil's Lake that was now receiving national recognition and advertising the Lake region all over the United States.

"I simply took that magazine and rolled it up; the girls ran one-cent wrappers off on the Addressograph, wrapped it up and mailed it to two thousand of our good farmers in that country. It cost me one hundred and forty dollars. I have asked a good many merchants over the country whether or not they thought that paid. I have had a lot of them say that they didn't believe it was of any benefit, it might have done a little good but they didn't believe in that kind of advertising.

"Perhaps they didn't, but I happened to be looking through the *Saturday Evening Post* about six weeks later and I noticed that a boy by the

name of Sidney Baker, twelve years old, residing in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, had just been awarded a prize of two hundred dollars for having sold the largest number of Curtis publications in the United States. So I still believe that it paid. Sidney says the he is sure it paid. I am certain it paid us much more than it did Sidney.



**FRED MANN'S STORE** at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, does an annual business of \$600,000 in a town of 5,100 inhabitants. There's an interesting story back of this surprising fact, that proves the power of advertising when intelligently and consistently used, and proves also that a man with the right equipment of brains, energy, vision and persistence, can build up a real business in the country as well as in the city

"After personal investigation I discovered that the reason that the mail order people were getting the great volume of business in my section was by their direct-by-mail order efforts. I found they were taking one-third of the business out of North Dakota in 1918; making a survey we arrived at the conclusion that about ninety million dollars' worth of merchandising was being done in North Dakota and that the mail order people were taking out thirty million for the reason that they appealed direct-by-mail.

"When I was president of the North Dakota Retail Merchants' Association I went to the jobbers and manufacturers and showed them where the great mail order houses were spending at least three million dollars a year in North Dakota, and I had made a survey of what the merchants were spending and I didn't think it amounted to \$300,000 against \$3,000,000.

"We recently made a survey, going out and visiting the territory through Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana. The results of that investigation showed that 75 per cent of the merchants didn't advertise, and what is worse, they didn't believe in advertising.

"How do these figures average up for this section? Do some figuring for yourself. If the mail order people spent \$3,000,000 annually for the advertising in North Dakota, and the local merchants spent \$300,000, what would a survey show that you spend for advertising? Have you any reason to believe that business can be gotten in this locality easier than it is in North Dakota?

"Looking back over the intervening years, I say the greatest lesson that any retail merchant can learn, I learned the very first year I was in business, that is, the value of good, clean advertising.

"Every day since then this lesson had been brought home to me more emphatically. Principally because I have thoroughly learned the value of advertising, my store at Devil's Lake, North Dakota (population 5,100), is well beyond the \$600,000 mark in its yearly volume of business. This certainly proves what live advertising and merchandising methods will accomplish."

This philosophy is not only true, but workable.

*Continued on page 336*



# America's Greatest Illusionist

*"Now, watch me closely," he cautions, "I'm going to fool you"—and we do and he does. He spends months of time and hundreds of dollars in building up a stage effect that takes but a few minutes to present—but great audiences sit spellbound during those few minutes*

**A**LTHOUGH the supreme necromancy of the East Indian fakir is attested by the writings of travelers, ancient and modern, it takes an American, and one who admits that his greatest feats in the black art are but tricks, to really astonish the world and satisfy its craving for the mysterious.

Howard Thurston, America's master magician, was inspired to become a magician when, at the age of seven, he sat in a theatre in his native city of Columbus, Ohio, which has registered his birth date as July 20, 1869, and watched the many and variegated wonders performed by the great Hermann, then the world's premier magician. Then and there he decided that a life as a worker of marvels would be, for him, the most congenial thing imaginable. Talking to his folks about his ambition, they laughed, considering it merely a boyish intention.

It was not until he was nineteen, with other hopes and fears, that he saw his next magic show. At this time he was on his way to the University of Pennsylvania, where he had enrolled as a student. Through the window of the car, as the train rolled into Albany, New York, he caught a glimpse of a familiar theatrical poster. Irresistibly it drew his attention and he strained his eyes to read the legend that blazed from its glistening surface. The great Hermann was that afternoon appearing in one of the city's theatres!

Hurriedly the young man left the train and made his way to the playhouse. Witnessing a performance that brought the unfolding of many mysteries, there returned to him his boyish desire to perform these marvellous feats himself—to hold the wand before a mystified audience and send them forth from the theatre half-believing, half incredulous, but nevertheless willing to admit that his exhibition was prodigiously interesting. And that next day fate decided his career.

Thurston tells the story of the crucial event which changed the course of his young life and started him on the road to success as a master of legerdemain and illusions, in the following brief account:

"At the station the next morning I saw Hermann and heard him say he left for Syracuse at 8:20. My train left at the same time for New York. At the ticket window I laid down a twenty-dollar bill and asked for a ticket to New York. Placing the ticket in my pocket, I counted the change. The ticket seller had made a mistake.

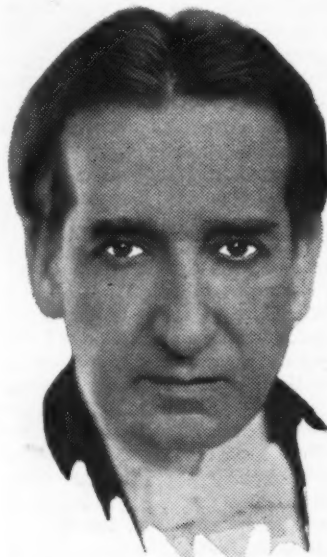
"I returned to the window and told him that the price to New York was \$5.20 and that he had only charged me \$2.40.

"In a rough voice he replied, 'You said Syracuse.'

"I looked at the ticket, then at Hermann, and finally replied: 'Very well—I'll go to Syracuse.' Fate had cast the die for me and so I became a

magician instead of a medical missionary, as my parents had fondly hoped."

The youthful worker of magic found it rather hard to make his first appearance. No one wanted to hire a boy who had not as yet established his reputation, and so it was necessary for him to give his first performance on a street corner, as a "pitchman" selling a patented potato peeler. But even then his performance and his "spiel" were out of the ordinary, and it was not



**HOWARD THURSTON**—America's greatest magician—delights, amuses and mystifies both young and old with his marvelous illusions, beautiful stage settings, and carefully-worked-out effects of light and shadow. So astounding indeed do some of his performances appear—so near to "Black Art" itself—that it is difficult for the beholder to believe what Thurston himself admits—that it is a trick to confuse the mind and deceive the eye

long before he secured his first professional engagement with the Sells Brothers Side Shows.

Continuing the story of his days of struggle and the ensuing success that finally became his, Thurston says:

"I managed finally to get an engagement at Tony Pastor's in New York City. That performance turned the tide of struggle and hard knocks and led to the first rung of the ladder of success. In a few years I had played most of the leading vaudeville theatres in America and Europe and had changed my act of card manipulation to a pretentious magic act."

From this beginning the worker of the black art developed his exhibition into a full evening's performance with which he toured the world, astonishing the incredulous peoples of all nations. He exhibited before royalty and was rewarded by being presented to the crowned heads of half a dozen countries.

When, two years later, he returned to his own land, he had accumulated sufficient capital to buy Kellar's leading show at the latter's retirement in 1906. Since that time he has had the only big—in fact, the only magic show in America.

That "you can't fool all the people all the time" has been accepted as an axiom ever since Lincoln made the statement, but Howard Thurston has the satisfaction of controverting this, for he keeps on telling his audiences that he is continually doing just that. It makes no difference how intelligent his spectators may be, he succeeds always in sending them forth from his performances preaching the gospel of his deeds—and they are in reality prodigious. He has brought laughter and amazement to twenty million people. As he philosophically puts it:

"To deceive the public and have to pay for it is one thing. To deceive the public and make them pay for it is another."

Millions of people who have watched the performances of this novelty-searching wonder have found themselves meditating the many facts about themselves that Thurston, in his years of study along the lines of credulity and understanding, must have discovered. Now, for the first time, the magician and philosopher divulges the facts concerning his knowledge of the channels in which the thoughts of his audiences usually run.

"In my experiences as a magician," he declares, "I have learned many curious and interesting things about people, and since you are the very people I have studied, perhaps you would like to know what I have found out about you.

"When you go to a magician's show and are completely baffled by his tricks, you need not think it is because you are dull. I assure you that an audience of stupid people would be the very last kind a magician would choose. On the contrary, the easiest person to mystify is often the most intelligent.

"A man with a vague, wandering sort of mind cannot concentrate on anything—he cannot even listen closely. Instead of following what I am saying, his thoughts go blundering around—and his eyes follow them. That is precisely what I do not want.

"In other words, he uses his eyes, not his mind, and as a rule the magician's enemy is the eye and not the intelligence of a spectator.

"I have often been asked what is the hardest 'stunt' I do, and I always answer, without hesitation, that the most difficult part of my work as a magician is to handle you—the audience. Every minute of the time I am on the stage I am talking, and all the time am telling you to do what I want you to do, although you do not know this. In many tricks it is because I get the attention of your minds, and so control your eyes, that I succeed in fooling you.

"Here is one interesting thing I have discovered: the bigger a man is—I mean the bigger in

*Continued on page 320*

# Hits the Ball Where They Aint!

*Rogers Hornsby is a modest, quiet spoken chap—not temperamental a'tal—but he sure can crack 'em on the nose. A five record holder in the National League*

THE bat-ter-ees for the afternoon are . . . Play ball!"

Some arbiter of "Ball" started that business in the beginning, and it is a foreword which seems to be still necessary—but it isn't so important as it was a decade ago. You and I aren't so much interested today in who is going to throw the ball and who the fellow is in a crouching position sixty feet away with a big glove to catch it, as we are in who is hitting it. That's the big point—and we are interested in the boys who can hit 'em long and often. Over in Philadelphia three or four thousand people witness the average ball game, but let the sport's writer herald the fact that a certain gentleman wearing a St. Louis uniform, by the name of Rogers Hornsby, is going to play, and the attendance jumps to ten or fifteen thousand—for be it known that this young man "hits the ball where they aint," more often than anybody else in either the National or American Leagues. The answer is that you and I and all of us want to see the ball cracked on the nose, and we are "strong" for the fellow who can do it.

Baseball is like politics. Most everybody—especially in the bleachers—is an expert. Not a man in that twenty-five cent section but what can tell Rogers Hornsby how to hit a home run, or President Coolidge how to handle a hot one like the World Court and score a put out. But—the fellow who discovered baseball put one over on the inventor of politics. He made an arrangement whereby a pitcher with a tough hitter up, can throw his four balls and dispose of him. Wouldn't it be great if Calvin Coolidge could throw four balls to a few heavy hitters like Johnson, Brookhart, La Follette, and Borah?

More newspaper space is devoted to baseball than there is to the business of running the United States government. We seem to have become a nation of ball maniacs. Our leisure, and too frequently our business hours are occupied with keeping in movement some kind of sphere—there being at least fifty-seven varieties—ranging in size from the marble of the street urchin to the leather push ball on the college campus. The point is to punch, bat, throw, push, heave, hit, kick, move, or in any other way transport a ball from a given position to some other place. If you attain this object better than any of your fellows you get a smile from Lady Fame; but if you would please her most—do something with a baseball.

She fairly beams on the young athlete who with a thirty-six inch willow struts upon the diamond and dares some pitcher to throw a ball within his reach. With this club he knocks a fly that is heard 'round the world. Such a hitter is Rogers Hornsby.

Out to the Polo Grounds—let's hear what the wild "fans" are saying.

About this "fan," who and what is he? For one thing, a fan is a statistician, because he knows the batting average of every player who

By WENDELL MCMAHILL

walks up. He is a mathematician, because he can figure these averages in his head. He's a lunatic. He will commit murder, because he says he will. With or without provocation he will throw pop bottles, cushions, his own or somebody else's straw hat. One minute his cry is "Long live the King"—the next it is "Down with him—kill him."

At the Polo Grounds I sat next to a "fan" and his "girl friend." He knew all the players without referring to the score card; could name their native towns, and the previous teams they had played upon. He "panned" and praised the players as his fickle fancy dictated. But he was never fickle when it came to Rogers Hornsby.

The game progressed and at length the female



**R**OGERS HORNSBY, heavy hitter of the St. Louis Club, and one of the most popular men in baseball, has made some wonderful records in America's national game by giving all his attention to playing ball instead of wasting time and energy in acrimonious debates with the umpire

fan of the species said, "Charley, I'm getting hungry, won't you go up and get me a hot dog?"

"Hot dog? Hot dog? And Rogers Hornsby comin' up next—fine chance—say, I wouldn't get a hot dog for my grandmother—after the game I'll get you a hot dog. See, there, Hornsby's comin' up—can't keep old Rogers from connectin' this time—look at him stand up to that plate—most perfect form of anybody in baseball—a dollar to a dime he sees first—never saw him fan out in my life. Get him swingin' at that one—lucky for McGraw he didn't hit that one fair or there'd be a giant's ball over in the Yank Stadium. Look 'em over Roger—pick a good one."

Rogers did—crack—and a white streak, not the sky-scraper kind, but the kind that keeps on

rising, sailed about thirty feet over deep center. Thirty thousand people went temporarily out of their minds, and didn't resume normalcy until Hornsby had circled the bags and on the way back to the dugout had taken the standing, yelling, applauding tribute which a visiting player gets—sometimes. One might have thought Hornsby was in the New York roster.

Again the "fan": "Wha'd'ye 'spose the matter with this man McGraw—lettin' St. Louis keep a man like that—he'd be worth a million dollars to the Giants—and a box office attraction like 'Babe' Ruth with those Yanks. Well, I'll bet old McGraw has Roger in a Giant uniform before many months. Say, Mamie, wha'd'ye say 'bout the hot dog now?"

Why is Rogers Hornsby one of, if not the most popular man in baseball? Listen my children, and you shall hear! First place, in the 1922 season he led the League with a batting average of .401, and this season it was .384, which makes his grand average for two years .389. Honus Wagner previously has held the four-year record with a grand average of .346. Again, he registered forty-two home runs and led the field in 1922; this past season's sensation. Also, he registered two hundred and fifty safe hits for a total of four hundred and fifty bases, with two hundred being extra bases, and one hundred and two hits being in the extra long class. All of this as the dope sheet puts it, makes Rogers Hornsby a five record holder in the National League for all time!

But, there is another reason—one that doesn't show up in the box score or in baseball statistics. I mean the matter of deportment on the ball field. I never saw Rogers Hornsby talk back to an umpire. He never questions a decision.

I said to him, "How come? I never saw you stage a battle with an umpire." He had a ready answer.

"The National League is paying the Umpire to make decisions, and the St. Louis Club is paying me to play ball."

"Simple and conclusive," I say—good business, too.

Just the way I feel—if I want to hear a debate I'll go to the Town Hall.

"I believe that a baseball player has no right to temperament on the diamond. The people pay their money and they are the ones who have a right to criticise just the same as a man who buys a ticket to a theatre has a right to do the criticizing of the play," commented Hornsby.

Baseball primarily is a sport. Secondly, it is a business. With Rogers Hornsby, it is both—inseparably; and in this, his chosen work, he is as big as Al Jolson in musical comedy; as big as Jeritza in grand opera—yet strangely lacking in that thing called temperament. In other words, he wears the same size hat he did in that home town in Texas, and something tells me that he always will. I know this, because in Boston, recently, I saw him hit a ball clear out to the flag,



which under ordinary circumstances is always good for a home run. Hornsby was a bit lame, so he and the ball appeared to arrive at the home plate simultaneously. The Umpire called him out. In this same game, in which he was playing first base, I saw him tag a man easily out—a Boston fan back of me muttered that he had gotten him by a foot and a half—but the “ump” ruled safe. Two wonderful chances to show temp-er-ament all over the park, but Hornsby kept playing ball. After the game I checked the score card. He had been officially to bat five times and had made five hits—evidence sufficient to convince anybody that with him there is no necessity for a smoke screen battle with an official to divert possible censure from the crowd, even though he were inclined.

Rogers Hornsby is a success commercially and professionally. When playing ball he is a man of but one idea. He eats, sleeps, works, and plays baseball. He lives up to the letter of the training rules—yes, even up to the spirit. He found that by sleeping from eleven to eleven, he could conserve more energy for the business of the afternoon, so these are his hours in his room—with every hour of the twenty-four pointed, concentrated for the performance and delivery of everything he has between the hours of three and five. He is as regular as a clock. He is quiet and reticent always and seems to be continually thinking of his work with the exception of the time he is actually on the ball field. There he plays with a carefree manner and a naturalness which indicates anything but a thought of the game. He rarely attends the theatre, though he occasionally slips into a movie if Charley Chaplin or Harold Lloyd have a new picture. He plays golf, but not during the baseball season, because he believes that the lifting stroke with the golf ball has a tendency to lift the batted ball. He is an idol in the baseball world—receives mash notes and fan letters like a Valentino, but remains modest and retiring to the last degree. Try and find him around the lobby of the hotel—you’ll look a long time if you don’t know him. He avoids the spotlight there, as he does on the diamond. He is not an individual player. He is a team player—not Hornsby and eight others, but one of nine men. I have seen him deliberately shove his team mates into the limelight. I have never seen him in an act which by the longest stretch of the imagination looked selfish. He has always the greatest deference for those playing either with or against him. The sequel is, that to players and fans alike, Rogers Hornsby is the most popular man in baseball.

“Baseball players are born—not made, just as great musicians are born with a certain something of music and rhythm which is omitted in the makeup of lots of us,” he commented in speaking of players. “Look at ‘Babe’ Ruth, you will admit that he has some native ability—and Ty Cobb. When I was a boy I always wanted to be a ball player like Ty Cobb. He is the star I hitched my wagon to. I broke into baseball down in Fort Worth, Texas, playing on Swift and Company’s Packing House team. Professionally, I played first in Hugo, Oklahoma. Finally Hugo disbanded and I joined the Dennison, Texas, club in the Western Association. While there, a scout for St. Louis, ‘Bob’ Connery, now scout for the Yankees, took me to St. Louis, which has been my first and last major league team. There also was my first big league experience under Miller Huggins, from September 1, 1915, to the end of the 1917 season. That was nine years ago, and I have been there ever since.

I did play a season during the winter in the Coast League, with Los Angeles, managing their team.”

“If you were naming the ten greatest ball players in the game today, who would they be?” I asked, knowing the unbiased and true sportsman viewpoint of Hornsby.

“In the first place,” he replied, “that would be difficult because there are more than ten good ball players.”

Two hours later, after one of the most difficult of interviews, during which time Mr. Hornsby didn’t know of his being interviewed, as Max Flack could probably testify, I came to the point where I had a very definite idea who Rogers Hornsby considered to be the ten greatest men in baseball. Nothing was said about Mr. Hornsby in this list, so when you run your finger down these names—count ‘em—the eleventh man is an addition of my own personal injection. Here they are:

Walter Johnson  
Tris Speaker  
“Babe” Ruth  
Ty Cobb  
Grover Alexander  
Eddie Collins  
George Sisler  
Harold Heilman  
Eddie Rousch  
Frank Frisch  
Rogers Hornsby

I also found that he had some ideas as to who occupied the post of the greatest manager in baseball. His reason for naming him was not debatable—namely because he wins the most pennants—and his name was John McGraw.

## MY COUNTRY

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

When purveyors of politics yell from the platform

Regarding the reign of the party in power,  
When socialists criticise this form or that form  
Of administration and pray for their hour,  
I note these small men—then I gaze at the mountains,

Snow-topped and eternal and stately and still,

The seacoast of Maine and far Florida’s fountains,

The bloom in the valley, the pine on the hill!

### II

When bigots in masks mock a brother’s religion,

Denouncing a Church that through ages has stood,

When intolerance moves with a secrecy Stygian

To pull down a faith that has fought for the good,

I laugh at the pitiful blindness of mortals—  
The blindness of fools who are here for a day.

Old Glory will shine over Liberty’s portals.  
My Country is deathless—and men pass away!

### III

Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Bigots—  
They come and depart like the tides of the sea.

O Nation I cherish, all factions must perish  
But Death shall not come to religion and thee!

Jew, Catholic, Protestant, sons of our banner,  
Stand firmly TOGETHER! Away with all clans!

Inscribe through the ages on Freedom’s white pages:

“MY COUNTRY! OUR COUNTRY!  
GOD’S COUNTRY AND MAN’S!”

He believes that Miller Huggins is one of the greatest playing managers of baseball, for as Hornsby commented briefly, but with much meaning, “He knows the game.”—“and Branch Rickey, our chief, is a wonderful manager, you can’t pass him by in mentioning the pilots.”

Personally, I have no trouble in remembering the name of Branch Rickey, who, so far as I know, is the only manager of the big leagues who does not put his foot inside of a baseball park on Sunday, even though his team may be playing.

“Some day,” continued Hornsby, “I am going to buy a baseball club. It’s a great business.”

Mentally, I commented to myself that this would be some distance in the future, for as long as “he hits the ball where they aint” more than two times out of every five times he goes to bat, there are a lot of baseball magnates around who will keep him from achieving that ambition. I don’t wonder that he has his own plans. It would be funny if such a batting eye wasn’t also an eye to business.

Like Christy Mathewson and Honus Wagner, Rogers Hornsby plays like one who does not know the crowd is in the grandstand. He stands five feet eleven. He is not a big fellow, but is highly energized. He has dark eyes, a frank open face with a square jaw, which indicates his tenacity of purpose in sticking exclusively to baseball, to the disbarment of all other diversions during the season schedule of one hundred and fifty-four games. There is a rumor that a certain club has a standing offer to the St. Louis Club of \$250,000—just for the privilege of letting him play ball on their team. Now, along comes the Brooklyn Club and makes the offer of \$275,000, but the cardinal management says no. St. Louis pays Rogers Hornsby one of the highest salaries in baseball, something very similar to the President of the United States before he got his raise. If Rogers Hornsby ever makes a change, St. Louis will receive the largest sum ever paid for the services of an athlete.

Concerning those batting eyes of Hornsby’s—their directness and unwavering quality—they form the outstanding mark in his personality and bearing. You notice them first when you meet him. Though you may forget other details of his appearance, you’ll not forget that eye. The trueness of this eye crops to the surface again in the pursuit of his hobby—hunting. Usually he goes from the World Series direct to Maine, with his good friend and team-mate, Ainsworth, for a five or six weeks’ stay. Then to Texas. He is one of ten prominent men in Texas who own a private hunting reserve of some thousand acres, with a lake, club house, and everything that goes to make the eighteenth karat article of shooting.

However, he is a rooter for the grand old state of Texas. He remembers the Alamo and a lot of other things about Texas, and I judge he is figuring that he’ll take up residence there again sometime. His mother’s there—and Rogers is the kind of a lad that pays a lot of attention to his mother. She don’t understand much about baseball, but she likes to read about the games just the same—likes to know when Rogers gets a hit. That’s the reason why she gets a clipping almost every day.

“Who is going to win the pennant in 1924?” I asked.

“Can’t say,” he replied, “but I will say that you cannot be a pennant-winning club unless you can beat the leaders of the League—and the tail-end club makes the pennant winner, because the winners must beat the tailenders consistently in order to win a pennant.”

## By Ballots Instead of Bullets

*Contrary to immemorial custom in Mexico, its new President was elected with as much dispatch and with no more disorder than usually accompanies an election in this country*

**A**CCORDING to Will Rogers, the eccentric Broadway comedian and newspaper humorist, who pointed out the recently inaugurated President of Mexico as he sat in his box at the "Follies" during his visit to the United States, "Plutarco Elias Calles is the first Mexican chief executive to be elected by means of ballots instead of bullets. Mexico is much like the fly-wheel of a racing motor—it has about a thousand revolutions a minute." The brief duration of their national administrations is well known. Too often the citizens go to their rest in the evening under one ruler, and awake in the morning to find themselves governed by an entirely different administration.

In the past it has taken the combined powers of the army, the administration and the civil police forces to conduct an election in Mexico. Soldiers with drawn bayonets and loaded rifles are no uncommon sight about the polls at a Mexican election.

Plutarco Calles is the first President of Mexico to be elected without the services of the National troops. It is said that affairs at the booths on July 6, 1924, the day on which the people made known their desire for a continuance of the liberal, democratic government which marked the administration of the last President, were conducted with as much dispatch, and with no more disorder than usually accompanies a similar occasion in the United States. And when the returns were finally counted it was indeed gratifying to General Obregon, the retiring President, to find that his friend and supporter, Plutarco Elias Calles, had been given the confidence of the Mexican people. It was to a great extent a tribute to his efforts in behalf of the citizens.

The strains of "La Paloma," the beautiful, echoed through the lobby of the Hotel Commodore in New York when I first met the new Mexican official. The palms and other tropical plants that ornamented the foyer gave a touch of romance to the scene. It seemed as though I had stepped from the whirling, humming streets of the Metropolis of the world into the replica of a Mexican patio. The special honors that were being accorded the President-elect before he sailed with his family to Europe for a few months' vacation preceding his inauguration in December, seemed to carry out the spirit of romance with which the scene and the song imbued me.

**P**RESIDENT CALLES told me of the many expectations he hoped to have fulfilled upon his trip. While he had never before been to Europe, he had the appearance of a well-seasoned traveller. A man of medium size, well built, with not an ounce of surplus flesh, the Mexican official is a perfect example of the manhood of the nation he loves and represents. He has the head and forehead of a thinker, and in the stoic set of his face and chin there is evident that firmness of character which must accompany the administration of affairs in a country marked by such

turbulence as that from which he comes. He sports a dark, carefully kept mustache, while his dark and lustrous eyes are like lively question marks. His black, shiny hair is combed back in pompadour style.

President Calles' family consists of one wedded and two unwedded daughters, one married son and another son who as yet, according to the chief executive, has not met the right girl.

The new official is a typical example of a class of Mexican and American leaders who have achieved success in the many fields of endeavor. There was no silver spoon in the mouth of Plutarco Calles when he came into the world. Born in a humble adobe hut of poor parents in Sonora, he has always had a hard road to face. From the date of his birth in 1878, he has had to contend with poverty, and yet, through sheer ability, he has risen to the most honored position within the gift of his countrymen.

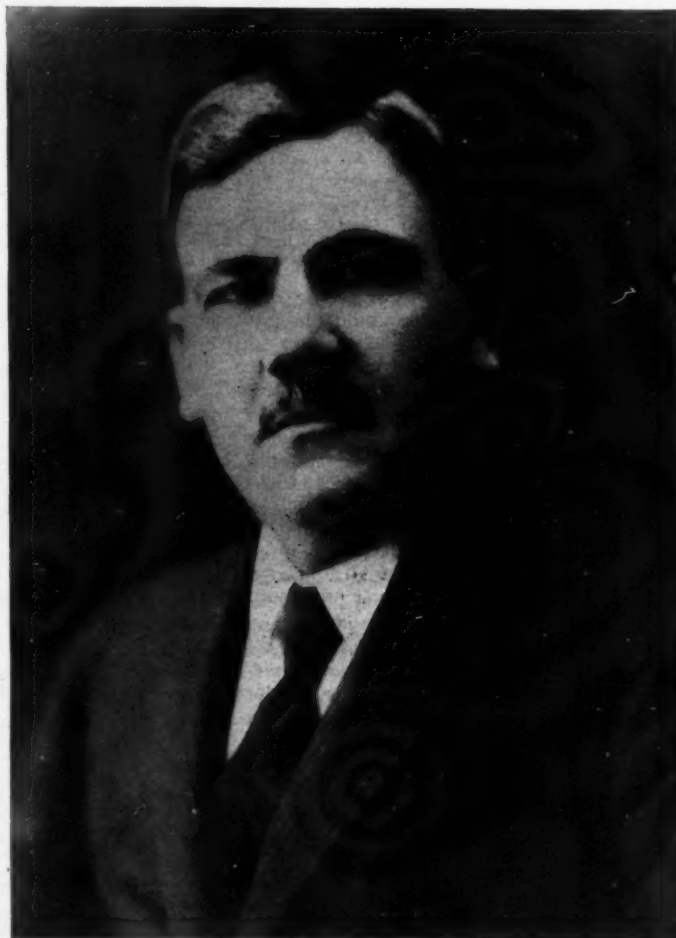
In his youth the President of Mexico worked hard night and day to obtain the advantages offered by an education in Mexico City. When he had completed his studies he had the desire to impart to others the knowledge he had gained, and he became an educator.

During the Carranza administration Plutarco Calles, the school teacher, came into prominence as a man who had made a thorough study of the land question; a matter which has always been the fly in the ointment of Mexican statesmanship. By his stand upon this question, President Calles proved himself a leader in Mexican thought and affairs. He had very soon commanded the confidence of the descendants of the Aztecs by his formulation of a plan which by some has been branded as confiscation, although

the majority of the Mexican people insist that it offers merely "an equitable solution of a problem that has long disturbed the stability of Mexico."

President Calles readily agreed when I asked him to sketch the outline of the plan for me. It is of his own making, the result of his office. In truth, to me it seemed the very essence of fairness. The very purpose of the plan is symbolical of all that Calles stands for. It brands the man as a great and noble champion of the common people.

"The plan," declared the then President-elect, "is simply to restore to the people what was provided in the original Spanish grants and land titles. These were eminently fair and there are none but selfish reasons for opposition to the



**PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES**, President of Mexico, born in a humble adobe hut of poor parents in Sonora, has risen by sheer ability to the most honored position within the gift of his countrymen. All his life he has had to contend with poverty, and in his youth worked hard day and night to obtain the advantages of an education in Mexico City. Before becoming a leader in Mexican politics he was an educator



idea. The old system provided for a circle of land called 'Milpa' to be drawn about each village in order to provide a public park or domain upon which the inhabitants might raise their own food. This circle was usually a league from the center of the village and was used in common by the people for their garden plots. Here they could easily raise enough food for their own simple wants, which naturally made them less inclined to work on the plantations of the larger landed proprietors.

"Of course this led to a desire, upon the part of the wealthy who controlled most of the land, to do away with this time-honored institution. Gradually they encroached upon this preserve of the common people. Little by little the owners of the adjacent land took over more and more of this common property until they had soon absorbed the whole of the Milpa reserve, and added it to their own farm lands and plantations. As a result, the people who had formerly wrung their living from the soil of these commons were faced with the alternative either of starving to death, or going to work upon the haciendas of the wealthy just outside the villages."

The eyes of the Mexican student and executive fairly beamed as he continued:

"Following out the purpose of my plan, negotiations were entered into with the landowners in Durango to buy back the land for the people at twenty-five dollars an acre. Notice that I say *buy*, not take, although these proprietors acquired the lands which we were willing to purchase, by appropriation, not by deed. Finally they agreed upon a price and we then see ourselves to formulating a plan for financing the purchase. When it was suggested that the back,

unpaid taxes, now as much as seventeen years due, be applied as part of the purchase price, there was a hitch in the proceedings."

Calles stopped for a moment and looked at me in an appealing manner.

"Is that confiscation?" he demanded. "Am I a bolshevist for this?" and then he smiled again. "It is my desire, and the desire of my administration, to be fair to all concerned. We are working and shall continue to work along the lines of sound economic and political theory. We have no desire to destroy or even to limit private enterprise. We realize, with the best of economists, that private enterprise is necessary to creative genius. We know that unless creative genius is appropriately rewarded it will cease to function properly, for without reward there can be no creation. But is there anything in my plan which even remotely suggests any desire to curb or check private ownership? Is it not simply an honest and straightforward plan to restore the original democracy of the Spanish land grants and to return to the people what is both by right and deed their own?"

One cannot listen to him, or even look upon his face without knowing instinctively that he is a man of his word; that his interests are the interests of his constituents, and that no plan can come from his fertile intellect that does not bear the stamp of honesty and justice.

While Calles is known as a brilliant orator in his own tongue, he speaks English only to his close friends. The reason for this is somewhat of a mystery to me, for his language, for a foreigner, is little short of remarkable.

Abraham Lincoln has always been the idol of the new ruler. From his boyhood days he has

looked upon the rugged American as his hero, and it has ever since been his endeavor to emulate the noble deeds of the martyred President.

I again met the executive-elect later that day while he was sightseeing, like a seasoned tourist, from Coney Island to Chinatown. When I inquired what he was doing he replied with a laugh, "I'm preparing myself to become President of Mexico." With such a preparation to his credit, there is every reason to believe that his administration will mark a new era in the history of our sister republic.

But it was not only in this amusing way that he was studying in preparation for the assumption of his duties. He spent many, many weeks of his vacation during his tour in the pursuit of knowledge relative to the proper conduct of his office. In fact, the tour was part of his study, for a thorough understanding of international affairs before taking the oath of office, in order to give his own people their proper standing in the family of nations, was one of the supreme objects of President Calles. And again I met Calles on board the steamer "George Washington," in the throes of preparing his inaugural address and fortifying for the rigorous campaign of banquets given him by enthusiastic American admirers in New York. His address at the Waldorf went far to establish American confidence in his policy of fair dealing with foreigners.

Given the proper backing by his administration, I feel sure that Plutarco Elias Calles will accomplish great things in his country and for his people. At least he is capable of accomplishing them.

## America's Greatest Illusionist

*Continued from page 316*

character and position—the less vanity he possesses and the less self-conscious he acts.

"Taking everything into consideration, the most interesting things I have learned about people are these: Their love of mystery—of something they cannot explain—their desire to show their cleverness by claiming to know how it is done, the vanity of little minds; the lack of self-consciousness in 'big' people; the intuition of women and the chivalry of men; and, most striking of all, the wish to believe in the supernatural, especially in some evidence of life after death."

Like Houdini and many others of his profession, Thurston has been the means of exposing many a charlatan who has previously succeeded in duping the gullible public with so-called spiritualistic manifestations from loved ones who have gone before. Like them, also, he is an investigator of all such phenomena, and he has succeeded in discovering what he considers instances beyond the possibility of trickery—for who is a better judge of the latter than the magician who is actually engaged in the practice of deception for the amusement of the public? With regard to such experiences, Thurston declares:

"My profession has brought me in contact with much purported psychic phenomena, about ninety per cent of which proved to be mere trickery. Some of it was performed under conditions in which it was impossible to judge, but some instances were of such a nature that there was no explanation from a magician's viewpoint.

"I have come to the conclusion that there is

an unknown, intelligent force which can manifest itself through certain people under certain conditions, physically and mentally.

"I also believe that everything that is done in public for money at a stated time in the way of psychic manifestation is accomplished through trickery."

A medium-sized man, with smooth face and clear blue eyes, Howard Thurston has little of the mysticism usually associated with the professional magician. With his wife and daughter he plans out his program during the summer days at his home at Beechhurst, Long Island. One would expect, when breakfasting at Beechhurst, to have his plate filled by magic before his eyes without the usual accompaniment of the mundane process of passing the food. Even in the Thurston home, breakfast is served in the good old fashioned way. But once inside the drawing room, the lure of the necromancer comes upon the household, and Thurston amazes his guests with his feats of legerdemain.

"We have found that seeing is not always ground for believing," he declares. Witness the startled race of a runaway horse and then ask the crowd by which it passed what color it was, and like as not, one-half the witnesses will say black, while the others reply white. Sometimes I wonder if the direct evidence presented in the courts is altogether sufficient for some of the convictions that result. There are times when I think that circumstantial evidence is more valuable than that of a personal nature."

If you have any desire to become young again you should see Howard Thurston at one of his Saturday afternoon performances when the house is filled with children. They applaud and shout as he performs his "aerial fishing" feat and causes his daughter, Janet, perched on the back of a beautiful Arabian steed, to slowly dissolve into thin air while standing on a platform swinging in mid-air. This is the largest illusion in the world.

The greatest compliment I have heard paid to Howard Thurston came from the lips of a group of lads when intermission was announced.

"We don't want any intermission," they shouted. "Go on with more tricks."

## The Cross-Word Puzzle Books

*Continued from page 302*

the noted man-hunter and the latter sighed gratefully as he completed the puzzle. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'!" he declared with his usual vision and deep understanding of perplexing things.

My friend turned to me. "You see, my dear Watson," he declared, "what you need is just such an intellectual pastime to increase your amazingly stilted vocabulary, and to expand your microscopic intelligence. Mr. Simon," he inquired, "may I have a copy of your Children's Cross Word Puzzle Book for my friend Dr. Watson?"

## Business, Law and Politics

*Those three engrossing occupations have been the controlling interests in the life of William Morgan Butler, former National Chairman of the Republican party*

WHEN the business of conducting a national campaign on a master scale devolved on the Republican party in the re-election of Calvin Coolidge as President in 1924, they were wise in calling to this task William Morgan Butler, the eminent lawyer, successful business man, and captain of industry who has now taken up the duties in the United States Senate dropped by the lamented Henry Cabot Lodge. For this work he had been fitted by a lifetime of training and experience, and how well he performed it must be seen from the results he accomplished. For him in the Senate his friends are predicting a career in counterpart to that of George Frisbie Hoar and the worthy statesman whom he has so recently succeeded. He is calm and dignified, steady in business judgment and always moves toward the ends which he seeks to accomplish.

William Morgan Butler, the offspring of New England stock that pioneered in the early days of the Caucasian advent in North America, was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, January 29, 1861, when the country was calling the men of his state to the flag in the war between the states, the son of the Rev. James D. Butler, a minister in New Bedford, who had held charges throughout that section of the state. His connection was large, for his ancestral advent into the new world dated back to 1629, and they located in New England upon their arrival and became active in civic affairs, industry and finances and throughout this long period they have made their mark on the progress of the Bay State. Not being affluent, as ministers rarely are, the father entered his son in the public schools when he was old enough to be taught, and in these he acquired sufficient learning to make his own way. He entered the offices of the Hathaway, Soule and Harrington Shoe Manufacturing Company at the age of sixteen and remained there for five years. In 1882 he entered the Boston University Law School, having picked up some law in night studies while he was employed at the manufacturing business, and one year later was admitted to the bar and began practice while he still was a student. The following year, 1884, he received his degree of LL.B., when he associated himself with Hosea M. Knowlton, who later became Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and for four years they practiced together in New Bedford. Branching out for himself, Mr. Butler opened his own law office in 1888 and continued to practice alone until 1895.

During this law practice Mr. Butler had become prominent in civic affairs of his home town, and in 1893 he was elected a member of the common council of New Bedford, which office he held for two years. Then his state career dawned, and in 1890 he was elected to the lower house of the legislature and served there two years, when he was elected to the state senate in 1892. He was re-elected to the state senate and

in 1894 was chosen president of the senate and re-elected to that office the following year. In 1896 he retired from the senate and was appointed by the governor a member of the Commission to revive the State Statutes, having removed his residence to Boston in 1895. On this work he was engaged for four years, until 1900. In Boston he became the senior member of the law firm of Butler, Cox, Murchie and Bacon and entered into business that grew to great proportions. He became president of the Boston and Worcester Electric Companies, the Boston and Worcester Street Railway Company, the Butler Mills, the Hoosac Cotton Mills, the New Bedford Cotton Mills Corporation, the New Bedford

Storage Warehouse Company, and the Quissett Mills, thus mounting to a foremost position in the industrial and financial affairs of Boston.

While politics held its fancy for him, Mr. Butler was not actively engaged in the campaigns either in the state or nation for several years. His time was devoted to his large law practice and his business affairs. He was one of the original appointees and later became chairman of the state board of trustees of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, and enjoyed a large legal connection with the cotton mill industry throughout the entire Boston district of Massachusetts. He was a friend and political counsellor of the late Senator Murray Crane, and more especially during Mr. Crane's incumbency as governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Butler's intimate acquaintance with Calvin Coolidge and his friendship for him began with the rise in the state of the now President of the United States. Butler and Channing H. Cox, late governor of Massachusetts, were associates and supporters of John W. Weeks, who had served in the House of Congress and in the United States Senate before being called to the War portfolio by President Harding. When Weeks left the Republican National Committee, Mr. Butler was elected to the vacancy thereby created four years ago, and as national politics stirred Massachusetts heavily, he was deeply concerned in the future of President Coolidge, who was coming up for re-election. The health of Senator Lodge was not so that he could take active part in the campaign. Butler was the close friend of both the President and the Secretary of War Weeks, and very naturally was looked upon as the logical man to take charge of the pre-convention of the President. This he began while still maintaining his membership in the National Republican Committee, and how well he succeeded the results of the Cleveland convention strangely tell the story. When this convention met, Butler was at once the most dominant factor in the shaping of the policies of the party there; he was the spokesman of the President and he was commander of the Coolidge delegates in the convention, which were almost unanimous, with the exception of the Wisconsin state delegation. Coolidge was nominated, and Butler, the logical man for the place again, was chosen National Chairman of the Republican party and took charge of the national campaign. The dissensions that naturally arose over the contests that came up between factions, Butler flattened out with the agility with which the late Boies Penrose used to handle them "with ease and facility."

The sweeping victory of the Coolidge and Dawes ticket in the November election made Butler at once the most dominant political leader in the country out of office. It was looked forward to that he would be called to the new cabinet of the President, and he surely



©Harris & Ewing

**WILLIAM MORGAN BUTLER**, former national chairman of the Republican Party, named by the President to fill the unexpired term of Henry Cabot Lodge as United States Senator from Massachusetts, has had a remarkably successful career as a lawyer and business man

Continued on page 324



# Utah Senator a Power in His Party

*Reed Smoot's career unique in American politics. Sound, conservative, deeply informed on every subject he takes up, he is a ready and forceful debater*

**I**N the most extravagant period that the government of the United States has ever had to withstand, and throughout a time when local self government has had its greatest test of endurance against the encroachments of an official oligarchy, the United States Senate has seen its most earnest guardian in the person of Senator Reed Smoot, Republican, of Utah, ever on guard and his service to his country has been of such far-reaching effect that it must await the years to come to tell of its full significance. An accomplished statesman in the intricacies of taxation, a student of organized government, and a tireless worker for efficient service and reduction of expenses of operation, his voice has been heard in season and out of season during the past twenty years of service in the Senate against the abuses that have threatened to burden the people with taxes that they could not endure, for it has been he who has contended against useless appropriations of money from the Treasury and for the reorganization of the different branches of the government on more efficient lines and with greater saving to the taxpayers of the country.

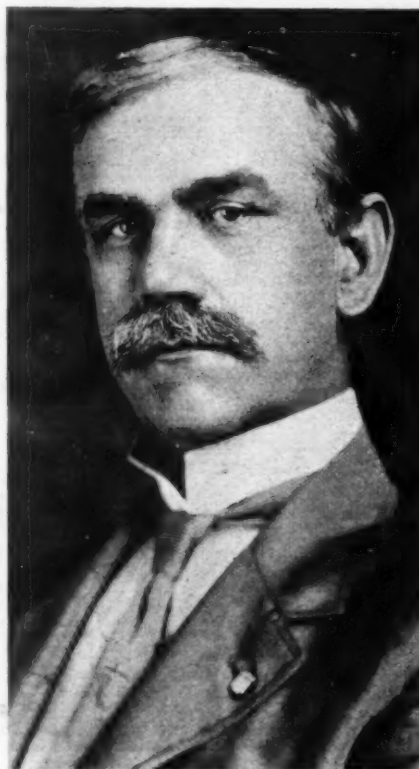
The career of United States Senator Reed Smoot has been unique in American politics. He was born January 10, 1862, at Salt Lake City, Utah, the year in which the war between the States was at its height, the son of Abraham O. and Anne K. Smoot. The Rocky Mountain section of the country, in which he was born, was at that time regarded as the frontier of civilization. The Indian still roamed there unmolested and great herds of buffalo swept over the plains between his home and the settled Eastern states. The howl of the wolf, the bark of the coyote, and the screams of the bobcat made the night hideous. His was the safe home found by a persecuted religious sect, and was chosen for the liberty it offered rather than endure the opposition which it had been subjected to in the settled communities. He began his education in such conveniences as his church had set up out in that remote land reached only by the pony express and prairie schooner in days of journey, and completed it at Brigham Young Academy and the University of Utah, graduating in 1879, at the age of seventeen years from the former institution, which is located at his home at Provo, Utah. Upon graduation he entered upon a business career and soon extended his holdings to many industrial enterprises which had of necessity to be established for the protection of the people and the development of the country's resources to make it a habitable home. In most of these developments the church of which he was an adherent was a large factor, and the development was in a sense communistic. He became president of the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank; of the Smoot Investment Company; The Electric Company of Provo, Utah; and a director in companies in Salt Lake City, Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Company, Desert

National Bank, Desert Savings Bank, and other concerns and enterprises.

Mr. Smoot married Alpha M. Eldridge, of Salt Lake City, September 17, 1884, in the Mormon religious faith. He became active in the church, and in April, 1895, was appointed one of the Presidency of Utah Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In this capacity he served in the church until 1900, when he was elevated to an Apostle.

His prominence in his state naturally made Mr. Smoot prominent in its political life, in which he took an active part. In 1903 he was the Republican candidate before the state legislature for United States Senator, and was elected. Because of the customs and practices of his religion, which it was claimed was a violation of the Constitution of the United States, his right to set in the Senate was challenged after much agitation and the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections conducted a sweeping inquiry which resulted in a decision in 1906 in his favor, and he was permitted to resume active duties as a legislator.

Senator Smoot became active in questions



©Harris & Ewing

**UNITED STATES SENATOR REED SMOOT** of Utah is regarded as one of the most ready debaters in the Senate on questions of taxation and finance. He is one of the strong men of the Republican party in state and national conventions

relating to the Tariff and delivered many speeches on the floor in support of the protective tariff policies of his party. He studied the trade relations between the United States and Canada and other dominions of the British Empire and with Germany, and was on committees and subcommittees that handed in reports at different times to the Senate on these questions. He became interested in establishing the beet-sugar industry in this country and gathered statistics and reports on its production from other countries for the use of Congress. Tariff reciprocity with Canada engaged his attention and he made an exhaustive study of its theory and advocated its extension. The homestead laws of the West and the irrigation of the arid lands and building of railroads engaged his studies and active support. He studied and investigated the mineral resources of the West and made reports on the public lands, the forestry, mining, phosphate and other resources that should be protected by the government for the use of the country in the days of need.

Senator Smoot has long been an advocate of re-forestation of the lands for the production of timber resources and the prevention of destruction to the lands from excessive rains due to their barren condition. In the Senate on May 27, 1910, he delivered a set speech on the exchange value of farm products and the financial condition of the grain raisers in which he showed that the general farmer and the cotton planter were in better condition than ever before, and that the average price and purchasing power of farm products were better than ever before in the country. In 1920 he delivered a conference report on the coal, phosphate, oil, gas and sodium mining on the public domain. Living conditions in the United States as compiled by the London, England, Board of Trade he secured, and had it printed by the government, and often addressed the Senate on the living conditions in this country as compared with other countries. He served for years as chairman of the Senate Committee on Printing, where he was a bitter opponent of the extravagant use of the government printing office for the dissemination of useless matter at government expense. In this he became an advocate of the conservation of the paper resources of the country and the adoption by the government of means of replenishing these resources. He sought revision of the copyright laws and gathered much information on the tariff on wool and its results, of which he was a strong advocate.

When the World War came Senator Smoot went whole-heartedly into support of President Wilson and all the policies adopted by the government for carrying on the war to a successful conclusion. After the war he was opposed to further entangling alliances with European powers and fought all of them when they came up on the floor of the Senate, and spoke wherever he was on the stump against them.

Continued on page 326

# The Mantle Falls on Worthy Shoulders

*Senator Borah takes up the task laid down by Senator Lodge. As Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate he assumes front rank in the galaxy of illustrious political leaders*

**W**HEN William Edgar Borah, of Idaho, succeeded the late Henry Cabot Lodge in the Chairmanship of the powerful Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, he took to that exalted and laborious office a ripe experience and training from his youth to the day he was so honored by his fellow Senators. If it was great to have been a Roman Senator in the days of the Roman Empire's greatness, how much greater must it be to have the leadership of his fellow-senators in world affairs in the United States in days when distraction over the devastation of war has rocked the mightiest nations of the earth! In such a position Senator Borah finds himself in the Coolidge administration and those who know him best are firm in their belief that he is equal to any emergency that may devolve upon his good offices to perform.

Always in revolt against the dead reaction of the past and looking to the solution of great problems in the future with the prophet's eye, Senator Borah has been more or less a rebellious leader since the days of his first participation in public affairs. He was born June 29, 1865, at Fairfield, Illinois, the son of William N. and Eliza Borah. He attended the common schools and the Southern Illinois Adademy, at Enfield, and completed his education at the University of Kansas, to which state he had removed. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in Kansas in 1889 and practiced at Lyons, Kansas, in 1890 and 1891. In 1891 his desires turned to adventure in the Northwest, and packing his books in Lyons he took up his residence and began the practice of his profession on the frontier, at Boise, Idaho, during the great business depression that brought ruin in industry throughout the country. At that time the West was alive with adventure and insurgency against the old order of business enterprise that hampered the growth of the country and the development of its resources to meet the needs of the rapidly increasing population. Railroads were tapping the vast mineral resources of the northwest, the money question was agitating the statesmen of the day in Washington, and its reflex was echoed from the mine-pits throughout the land of his adoption. From his section of the country Pettigrew, Du Bois, Stewart and Teller were battling for the restoration of the free coinage of silver as money, and in the East they had such champions as Aldrich and Lodge and others of lesser renown. Borah, the young lawyer, advocated that his party take a positive stand against the policy of President Cleveland and declare for the money of the Constitution. When his party, in National Convention, adopted a course otherwise, he acquiesced in the will of the majority and regarded the platform as the fixed policy of his party. But he was not an office holder nor office seeker at that time, and his activities were confined to the practice of law in his community. He first became a government official in 1900,

when he was employed as an assistant state's attorney in the prosecution of murderers in the miners' horrors during the outrages that shocked the nation and lasted over a period of five years. In this he was successful in convicting five of the ringleaders. It brought him prominence as a lawyer, and when Governor Frank Steunenberg and others lost their lives in the explosion of bombs planted at the gate of Harry Orchard, December 30, 1905, Mr. Borah was employed again as assistant state's attorney in connection with Mr. Hawley to prosecute William Haywood and his coadjutors in these horrors, and in this he was first pitted against Clarence Darrow, who was reaching up for fame as attorney for the laboring elements involved in that labor conflict. This trial was memorable in the annals of criminal prosecution; it lasted long and many ele-

ments were brought into it that made it historical. In his masterful four hours' speech closing the argument in the case, Borah had to meet the dangers that lurked in the path of a crusader against organized crime. As he put it in his speech, "There seems to be running through this case in some way and for some reason an insidious attack upon everyone, whether high or low, associated directly or indirectly with the investigation of the crime of December 30, 1905." And his position against the labor organization he stated: "We do not ask in this case anything in the way of vicarious atonement. We do not want Mr. Haywood punished for some one else's crime. We do not want the defendant in this case to suffer by reason of the crime of Harry Orchard if he was not in fact connected with it, aiding, abetting and assisting in its perpetration. We do not want this defendant convicted of the crime of George A. Pettibone if he was not associated and connected with him as a co-conspirator. We do not want him punished for the crime of Jack Simpkins unless he was also a co-conspirator with him." Soon after the conclusion of this trial, although there were no convictions in it, Mr. Borah loomed large on the horizon of the northwest as a political leader of the first magnitude. He had been the Republican nominee for the United States Senate in 1903 and, while the Free Silver element was still strong and in control of the affairs of the state, he received twenty-two votes before the legislature, twenty-six being necessary to a choice. This defeat, however, did not bring to total eclipse his political career, for the next year, after he had conducted the labor outrage prosecutions, he was put forward as the Republican candidate and elected for the term of 1907 to 1913. Borah's rise to prominence in the United States Senate was not meteoric. Probably his first noteworthy speech delivered in the Senate was that of January 19, 1911, for the Constitutional Amendment for the election of United States Senators by the people. During the Presidential campaign year of 1912 Senator Borah began to attract wide attention as an orator. He made one of his objects of attack the homestead and land laws of the United States that were driving farmers from the northwest into Canada to seek homes under an alien flag. He was a champion of the policies of Theodore Roosevelt and in the Senate on May 14, 1912, he delivered a set speech on Forestry and Public Lands, with particular stress on the condition which had been created in the west. This was a fellow to his set speech of January 17, 1912, on the Public Land laws. He became known throughout the country in this year as a campaign orator, championing the cause of the Roosevelt candidacy until after Taft was renominated in the convention, when he accepted the nomination as final, but refused to take active part in the campaign. He had been the leader, as national committeeman, in the contest of delegates in the convention, and



© Harris & Ewing

**WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH**, Senator from Idaho, the successor to the late Henry Cabot Lodge as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is a picturesque and powerful figure in the political life of the country. He is noted perhaps as much for his fearlessness and determination as for his exceptional oratorical attainments



warned the element dominated by Taft and Root that if they named their candidate with the taint of fraud upon him, they were but moving on to disaster. The steam roller tactics employed when Roosevelt started from New York for the convention swept away the last hope of Borah for the nomination of Roosevelt, and he immediately lost interest in the campaign. Although he did not support Roosevelt in the general campaign, the two remained the best of friends and in 1916 worked together for the success of the party under the leadership of Charles E. Hughes. It was in the Congress during the gathering of the issues of the campaign of 1916 that Senator Borah again made some of his greatest speeches. "Modern Militarism," a masterful arraignment of European armament and the disposition in the United States to ape their example was the speech which he delivered in the Senate May 17, 1916. The subject of preparedness he ably discussed in a speech in the Senate on a "Strong Navy," on July 17, 1916. In the campaign in the fall of this year Senator Borah was one of the party powers on the stump, and was heard in many parts of the country by vast and enthusiastic crowds. When Congress reassembled after the campaign, with Wilson re-elected on a "He kept us out of war" issue, the clouds of war already hung over the capital. Borah foresaw the gathering clouds and their accompanying issues. He nettled Wilson with a masterful speech in the Senate January 5, 1917, on "No Entangling Alliances." On "Neutrality" he delivered another masterful but brief speech February 7, 1917. At this time Wilson had startled the Senate by his promulgation of his "Armed Neutrality" policy. "Conscription" he discussed in a set speech April 28, 1917. The

issues of the war, when war came, Borah supported whole-heartedly, but when the Armistice was signed, he took up the cause of "No Entangling Alliances," and, together with James A. Reed, Democrat of Missouri, championed the cause of an independent United States against the mightiest pressure that was ever brought at Washington on any measure since the government was instituted, and finally moulded the sentiment that defeated it forever. In this contest both had to face the charges of "German," "Traitor," "Red," "Bolshevist," and every other vile epithet which the tongue of venom and slander and hatred could apply. Borah grew with the issue, and on the closing night of the months of acriminating discussion, just before the issue went to its first vote, he arose at his seat to claim use of the one hour that he was entitled to under the rules of debate, and how well he used it those who heard him can best attest. He closed with the reiteration that this republic had been quarried out by revolutionary patriots for the freedom and protection of the millions that live under its flag, and to uphold its beacon light for the inspiration of the downtrodden of the earth's races, and that no matter how far away from its mooring excitement and heresies of war might carry it, he had faith it would finally come back to the principles of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt for its settled foundation. The packed chamber was held entranced with his eloquence and plainly showed their conversion to his ideas.

After the League of Nations issue, Senator Borah was most interested in causes of peace, disarmament and the recognition and help for the countries of the Old World that had thrown off the obsolete governments and established

governments of the people. It was this that led him to champion the cause of Russia's recognition by the government of the United States. "Europe since the Armistice" was another of his characteristic speeches delivered in the Senate March 3, 1920. For the Soldier's bonus when the finances of the government would permit of its passage, Senator Borah, however, opposed the bill then before the United States Senate in a speech February 13, 1922. Against the Ship Subsidy and for tax reduction, he contended with vigor when those measures were up in the Senate. He discussed the Russian problem on the floor of the Senate and again incurred the enmity of those who opposed the Soviets.

That Senator Borah conducted the prosecution of the outraged in Idaho when Haywood and his labor organization was involved was a factor in his rise none can dispute, but for this he did not engender the ill will of laboring men throughout the country. When the war heresy was sweeping the country and labor men were being hunted to their lairs unless they were in favor of war, and were being deported in sealed box cars from their homes and dumped out in Mexico and other barren places without food and shelter for the women and children, Borah was one of the strongest champions in the Senate for their cause, and his condemnation of these outrages upon the innocent is historic.

Borah is well equipped by training and education as well as by natural ability for the great work which the high post in the United States Senate to which he has been elevated requires of him. Always an insurgent against abuse, he has never failed to support his party after it has taken a stand on an issue. "My fight is within the party," he always says.

## Affairs and Folks

*Continued from page 308*

cepting the position as Professor of Dairying at the New Hampshire State College. Here he spent nine years, during which time, in addition to the teaching of dairy subjects, he made a study of the cost of producing milk which attracted wide attention in New England and throughout the country.

Upon the completion of his nine years of service Mr. Rasmussen accepted the position of Professor of Dairy Husbandry at the Pennsylvania State College. This institution operates for industrial purposes a large commercial creamery and manufactures butter, ice cream and cheese—also distributing milk locally.

During the War, Mr. Rasmussen worked with the United States Food Administration of Pennsylvania, having charge of the work relating to dairy husbandry. He was asked by the American Red Cross to serve on a committee to establish dairies at the base hospitals of the A. E. F., and by the National War Council of the Y. M. C. A. to outline and supervise courses in dairying for the soldiers in France. Giving up war work in France in order to accept the appointment of Secretary of Agriculture of Pennsylvania offered him by Governor William C. Sproul, he reorganized the department and was instrumental in having passed a great deal of legislation in behalf of the farmer and dairyman. Governor Gifford Pinchot offered a reappointment to Mr. Rasmussen, which he declined, to become President of the Pennsylvania-Maryland Joint Stock Land Bank of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

During this time Mr. Rasmussen had done a great deal of foreign investigation and experimentation, spending four summers in Europe closely observing dairy and agricultural conditions in Switzerland, Holland, Germany and Denmark. An author as well as a professor and administrator, one of his works, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, is widely known.

Of recent years Mr. Rasmussen has served as president of the American Dairy Science Association, a member of the Council of Education of the State of Pennsylvania and trustee of the Pennsylvania State College. As Executive Secretary of the National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers, he has made the great American product as near perfection as cream and ice can produce. He has truly traveled the "milky way" on earth.

## Business, Law and Politics

*Continued from page 321*

would have been offered a post if he had wished for it.

With the shouts of the campaign still ringing, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge died, and Channing H. Cox, then governor of Massachusetts, named Butler to the august office and he will serve under the laws of Massachusetts until the regular election in 1926.

That Mr. Butler will be as eminently successful in the United States Senate as he has been in political management is the prediction of his friends, both in Washington and in Massachu-

setts. He at once took a commanding place among his colleagues when he entered the Senate.

Senator Butler has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Minnie P. Norton, of Edgartown, Massachusetts, whom he married July 15, 1886, soon after he had set up in the practice of law. She died in 1905 and he married Miss Mary Lothrop Webster, of Boston, January 1, 1907. By his first wife Senator Butler has three children—Morgan, Gladys and Miriam. The son is now the business associate of his father. By his second wife Senator Butler has two children, Beatrice and Mary.

Senator Butler has served as a trustee of the Boston University. He is a Mason and a clubman, belonging to clubs as follows: University, Algonquin, Exchange, Union League Republican of New York, Wamsutta of New Bedford and Metabetchuan Fishing and Game.

When Mr. Butler assumed the National Chairmanship of the Republican party, he at once became the patronage arbiter of the country, as the chairman's word is looked upon as the final recommendation to the President for appointment. Hence, the office-seekers and those seeking political preference at once found him out and besought his good offices. This task is not an easy one, for there is the likelihood of two enemies to be made for every friend whose friendship is retained. This duty calls for a strong man, and then to it was added the duties of a Senator of the United States and the personal friend of the President of the United States, which will try the mettle of the greatest of political leaders in the land. How well Mr. Butler will handle this can be judged by the record he has so far made.

## FOR PETE'S SAKE

**P**ETER CANUTE has disappeared, and there is worry in old Dorchester. Those responsible for the absence are making unusual efforts to find him, and before the day is over may have to enlist the services of the Field's Corner police.

Peter Canute is a highly-trained, blue-ribboned Scandinavian cockroach, a magnificent fellow, large, amiable and playful, the property of Mrs. W. A. Godfrey of 61 Hancock Street, due home on Sunday from a few weeks at Old Orchard. Peter was brought from Danzig-on-the-Baltic by Mrs. Godfrey's son Otis, a junior officer in the merchant marine, and when his owner went away, she supposed he was in capable hands. Mrs. Godfrey feared the attractions of Old Orchard might lure Peter, or that the intelligent insect might succumb to the hot weather, he being from a chill country.

She left him with one of her daughters, a clerk with the Edison Company.

For two days Peter wandered about aimlessly, declining to manifest interest even in his favorite dish, pickled flies feet. He just moped—and then vanished.

Hence the dismay, and frantic efforts to find him before his owner returns.

Peter's history is peculiar. While in Danzig, one chill Spring morning, Mrs. Godfrey's son found the little creature in a hotel, quite dazed and bewildered as he wandered around one of the sleeping rooms facing an ancient cathedral.

Gently and tenderly picking him up, Officer Godfrey observed a tiny disc attached to his neck, with microscopically small lettering. It was deciphered, and read, in one of the Baltic dialects, "Peter Canute," indicating he was of joint Russian and Danish ancestry. Taking his new-found pet aboard the steamer, and introducing him properly, the proud owner was pleased as Punch as captain and crew took to the bright insect, and made much of him.

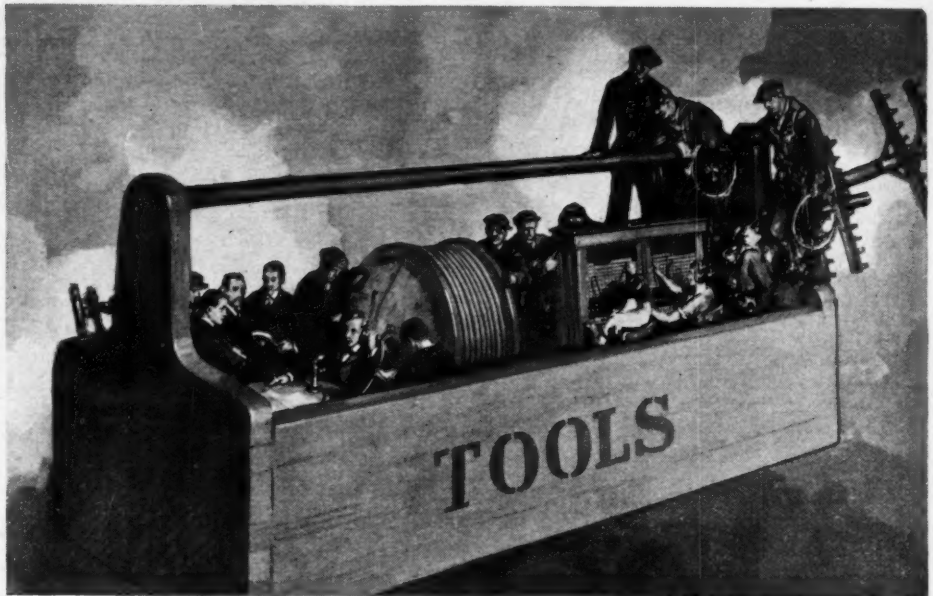
One old salt, adept at needlework, crocheted a dainty little hammock, and Peter quickly understood its use. He responded to the sailor's efforts and soon was able to perform many cunning little tricks, always insisting on his reward—a few grains of sugar, which subsequently found substitution in cornmeal, the captain fearing diabetes and there being no insulin in the ship's medicine chest.

But alas! accidents will happen, and while in mid-ocean, during a violent storm when Peter was supposed to be safe in his tiny but comfortable hammock, he was exploring the galley, and a skillet fell on him, striking him squarely in the head. When picked up, his starboard feeler was found to be crushed, and an operation was essential to save his life.

With moist eyes, the gallant master, serving as emergency surgeon, amputated deftly, using a used safety razor blade between lurches of the stout ship.

The surgery was successful, and soon Peter was himself again, chipper and happy. In due season the steamer arrived at Commonwealth Pier, and two stalwart tars assisted Mr. Godfrey in carrying the precious burden to the Godfrey home, where Peter was given a cordial welcome. Soon he became the pride of the neighborhood. A gentleman always, yet with a keen sense of humor, the Baltic roach had the run of the house.

Ugly rumors are in circulation. One is that one of the Godfrey young ladies, while professing admiration for Peter, at heart detested him, fearing his presence before company might cause adverse comment. However, mindful of the



## The Tools of National Service

The American people lead the world in the efficiency of industry. Who can say what part of their success is due to the superior implements they use. This much we know. They have the world's best telephone system as an instrument of communication, and they use it without parallel among the races of the earth. To this end our telephone service must be equipped with proper tools.

The tools of management. Bell System executives, rising from the ranks of those who know telephony, must share our responsibility to the public, most of whom are telephone users, shareholders or workers.

The tools of service. The national, two-billion-dollar Bell System, han-

dling fifty-eight million telephone calls a day, must be enlarged and extended while in use.

The tools of forecast. We must continue to know the rapid and complex growth of communities and make provision in advance, so that the telephone will be ready when needed.

The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

We must have the best tools of finance, of invention, of everything else, in order to continue serving the American people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

deep regard entertained by her mother for this charming insect from across the sea, she attempted no violence. She fears a grilling, nevertheless, on mother's return Sunday, if Peter doesn't show up.

Volunteers have been searching along Hancock and Bowdoin Streets, and even ran down a false rumor that Peter had been seen climbing Meeting House Hill.

It will be easy to identify Peter. He walks with a slight limp in the leg to which the tiny blue ribbon is attached, and craves minced whale-meat. Should any person within a broad radius be enjoying a whale-meat sandwich, Peter will

hasten and perform some of his cunning little tricks in mute begging appeal for the appetizing crumbs. If some humane person is harboring him, the family hopes his night-cap, half ammonia and half tabasco sauce, is given him to ensure a good night's repose.

He may be distinguished easily from his American cousins by a broad stripe of mauve down the centre of his arched back, and by his unusual biceps, almost a deformity.

Meanwhile, his protracted absence is causing much concern at the Godfrey home in Hancock Street.

—LEILA R. McLEOD



## Supervising Adjusted Compensation

Continued from page 313

plished with remarkable skill and the records all saved and brought to Washington, where they had reposed until General Davis again went to work with them in the distribution of the soldiers' adjusted compensation.

During the World War General Davis was promoted for service and was awarded The Distinguished Service Medal by the United States; The Legion of Honor (commander) by France; The Order of the Bath (companion) by Great Britain; The Order of the Crown (commander) by Belgium; The Order of the Crown (commander) by Italy; The Order of Prince Danilo I (grand officer by Montenegro), and the Order of La Solidaridad (second class) by Panama. General Davis' citation for the Distinguished Service Medal follows:

*"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service. As Adjutant General of the American Expeditionary Force he has performed his exacting duties with high professional skill and administrative ability. The exceptional efficiency of the Adjutant General's Department under his direction was a material factor in the success of the staff work at General Headquarters."*

General Davis returned to the United States from France September 8, 1919. He took up headquarters, upon return, at the War Department and on August 10, 1922 President Harding sent to the United States Senate his nomination for Adjutant General of the United States Army with the Grade of Major General, succeeding Major General Peter C. Harris. He was already on duty, General Harris having left his post to take his leave which had accrued for a few years. Together with the nomination of General Davis for Adjutant General came a statement from the War Department, as follows:

"General Davis had been the Acting Adjutant General since April 1, 1922, on which date General Harris, before retiring, took his accrued leave. Since that date General Davis has affected a reduction in personnel, and a systematizing and a re-organization of the Adjutant General's office. The reduction has amounted to approximately forty per cent in the office and twenty-five per cent in civilian personnel. The organization of the Adjutant General's office is now very similar to that perfected by General Davis at Chaumont, France. Every effort has been made to expedite the action by direct, common-sense and business-like methods. In general, all business and records pertaining to the current army since February 28, 1919, have been consolidated and all other business records, such as those pertaining to the World War, the Spanish-American War, the Civil War and others have been transferred to another building. Liaison officers from the several departments, branches and divisions of the War Department have been assembled in the Adjutant General's Office for the purpose of acting immediately on all papers pertaining to their several offices. As a result of these and similar changes and innovations,

the Adjutant General's office is at all times able, with reduced forces, to handle the day's current business and maintain a twenty-four hour service with order governmental departments, such as the Veteran's Bureau."

General Davis goes to his new duties of distributing the soldier's Adjusted Compensation an officer experienced and eminently successful in the duty devolved upon him. His fitness and capacity to perform such large tasks have been demonstrated on other, and more trying, perhaps, times.

## Utah Senator a Power in His Party

Continued from page 322

The War Risk Insurance engaged Senator Smoot's attention to a large extent, and in this he took an active part in the Senate. He was concerned in the establishment of the Veterans' Bureau and the policy of conducting it. The greatest direct service which Senator Smoot has sought in season and out of season to render to the government has been the reorganization of the departments of the government and the adjustment of the salaries of government employees. This has, in a large measure, been his issue, and as chairman of the Senate Committee which has had this matter in hand for some years, he has given it his loyal attention and advocacy. Whatever is finally done it will be done in reorganization, partly because of the constant advocacy and agitation for it of Senator Smoot.

Senator Smoot had not been in the Senate long until his ability as a speaker in defense of his party called him often to far parts of the country for addresses, and he has been in demand by his party as a campaign speaker. Among his notable speeches out of Congress might be listed an address as chairman of the Section of Forestry before the Governors of the states in National Conference in Washington December 10, 1908. He delivered a notable address in Boston April 13, 1913, on certain policies of the Wilson administration and their effects on the country, in which he castigated the Democratic President's attitude on many questions of vital importance before the country and gave a rallying cry to his party in the New England States. Senator Smoot delivered the Memorial Day address at Arlington May 30, 1914, which is a great event for some orator of note on this annual occasion to deliver the nation's eulogy over its heroic dead.

The success of Senator Smoot in politics has not been confined alone to his work in the United States Senate, for he had won in his state before he came to Washington. Elected the first time by the legislature when he came up for re-election in 1908, the question of popular election of senators was being agitated throughout the country and many of the states had already adopted state primary laws for choosing their nominees. He was re-elected by the legislature, but six years later, in 1914, the method had changed by constitutional amendment and he was an easy winner before the people of his state. In 1920 he was again re-elected, his present term of office expiring March 4, 1927.

Senator Smoot has taken an active part in state and national Republican conventions for the past twenty-five years. He has served as a member of the Republican National Committee since 1916 and rendered valuable and active services for his party in the campaigns of 1912, 1916, and 1920, as well as during the campaign of 1924 for the re-election of President Coolidge. He has stumped many states during the presi-

dential campaigns and was an active participant in the campaign of 1918, when he served as chairman of the National Senatorial Campaign Committee.

Senator Smoot is regarded as one of the most ready debaters in the Senate on questions of taxation and finances, which questions have engaged most of his attention in the Senate. He has the respect of his colleagues on both sides of the chamber and they always hear him with interest. That unlike in politics sometimes attract may be seen from the fact that there are not two more staunch personal friends in the United States Senate than Senator Smoot and Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, and yet they are the two poles on their political affiliation. Once when Reed was replying to a speech of Smoot on the floor, Smoot clearly felt the criticism and quickly arose to reply with the beginning that he had not thought the Senator from Missouri would have made that criticism of him, when Reed quickly replied, "I am not criticizing the Senator from Utah; it is what he advocated I am against. I think as much of him personally as one man should think of another." At this Smoot rejoined, "I shall not take it as personal."

## Classified Advertisements

**Earn \$25 weekly**, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free. PRESS SYNDICATE, 1169 St. Louis, Mo.

**MALE HELP WANTED**—Railroad Postal Clerks start at \$133 month, railroad pass. Send stamp for questions. Columbus Institute, v 5, Columbus, Ohio.

**SALESMEN WANTED**—You can save money. TRY "Practik Home Managing Method." Introducers supplied one free. DAP, 39 Harvey, Buffalo, N. Y.

**DINING AND SLEEPING CAR** conductors (white). Exp. unnecessary. We train you. Send for book of Rules and application. Supt. Railway Exchange, Sta. C, Los Angeles.

**Ladies**—Earn \$15 weekly at home in spare time with our Music and Circular Letters. Send 25c. (silver) for sample Music and full particulars. Sonora Music Publishing Co., 627 N. Fremont Ave., Baltimore, Md.

**AGENTS**—Quality shoes, quick sellers. Big commissions, immediate returns. Independent business! Repeat orders. Experience unnecessary. Write for full particulars. Tanners Shoe 2027 C St., Boston, Mass.

**Earn \$10 daily** silvering mirrors, plating and refinishing metalware, headlight, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Write for information. Foster-Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

**EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE TIME** painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. NILEART COMPANY, 2296 Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

**DE-LITE AUTO POLISH**, once tried, always used. Address: 9 Cawfield St., Boston, Mass.

**THE WORLDS LARGEST DOG KENNELS** offer for sale Corang Airedale watch dogs, automobile dogs, children's companions, farm dogs, stock drivers, hunters and retrievers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds, Rabbit Hounds and thoroughbred Hound and Airedale puppies. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed to any point in the United States. Large illustrated descriptive catalog mailed free. OORANG KENNELS, Box 219, La Rue, Ohio.

**People to write articles, stories, photoplays, etc. for magazines.** Inclose self-addressed envelope. GUIDE, Box 697, Los Angeles, Calif.

**BE AN AD-WRITER**—Young lady, young man, why don't you learn ad-writing? Ad-writers earn huge salaries, or work at home for various firms, with pay in advance. It is easy to learn at home and get a real position by the A. I. method. Write for free particulars to ADVERTISING INSTITUTE Dept. N. M., Prairie and Maffitt Avenues, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES** Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.

**LADIES WANTED** Ladies to embroider linens for us at home during their leisure moments. Write at once—"FASHION EMBROIDERIES," 1525 Lima, Ohio.

**the CHAPPLE SERVICE** A modern printing establishment, equipped with labor-saving machinery and operated by skilled craftsmen. Let us submit figures on your next order. Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston 25, Mass.

**Free Mailing Lists**  
Will help you increase sales  
Send for FREE catalog showing details covering names of your best prospective customers. Costs and prices are given on thousands of different Mailing Lists.  
**99% Guaranteed 5¢ each**  
by refund of 464 N. 10th Street  
**Ross-Gould Co. St. Louis**



# Tickleweed and Feathers



by FLYNN WAYNE

## FORCE OF HABIT

Noted Detective (at friend's house)—This guest of yours, who, you say, came to you with such flattering letters of introduction, is an imposter.

Mrs. Green—Impossible! He is one of the most cultured gentlemen I ever met.

Detective—True! But, all the same, he is not what he pretends to be. He claims to be a man of family, a householder, and in business in a small town.

Mrs. Green—Yes; is he not?

Detective—No, he does not live in any home of his own; he is used to hotels and boarding houses.

Mrs. Green—How do you know?

Detective—Before beginning a meal he wipes his plate off with his napkin.

## WHY SHE DIDN'T SCOLD

Mother—"Do you mean to tell me that your husband is out half the time until after midnight?"

Daughter—"More than half."

"And you never scold?"

"Never."

"I am amazed."

"You forget that my husband is a poet."

"Why, what of that, pray?"

"When he comes early he always insists on reading his poems to me."

## A HARD TASK

Mrs. Richmond (who has advertised for a Christmas pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement?

Pianist—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Richmond—Well, sit down and play a couple of duets, so that I can see what you can do.

## A REMEDY

Critic—Why don't you put a porous plaster on this play?

Manager—What for?

Critic—It is about the only thing which will ever make it draw.

## A HARD STRUGGLE

"Is a ventriloquist a person who throws his voice?" asked Mr. Barry.

"So to speak."

"Well, we've got one next door. She hasn't thrown it yet, but she is giving it a terrible struggle."

## UNCLE ZEKE

"A man kin look mighty busy," said Uncle Zeke, "an' yet not be doin' much same as an engine kin blow off a whole lot o' steam f'um de whistle."

## JOHNNY'S VERSION

The teacher in an East Side school was reproaching Johnny, who had "licked" Heine in satisfaction for a grievance. Johnny's penitence was at a low ebb, and teacher's golden rule admonishing fell on unreceptive ears. But at last she struck a responsive note.

"The right way to treat your enemy, Johnny," she said, "is to heap coals of fire on his head."

"Yes, ma'am, that's jes what I done," said Johnny, brightening. "I give him 'ell!"

## THAT WAS DIFFERENT

The four persons were having some trouble in getting seated as the train rolled out of the station. One, a truthful looking old lady, insisted on taking a seat facing the front of the train.

"You know, I can never ride with my back to the engine," she said.

"But, auntie, this train hasn't got any engine," suggested one of the younger ones selfishly. "It has a motor."

And the old lady, mollified, sat comfortably with her back to the motor.

## FATHER'S ADVICE

Father—My son, if you would succeed in life, you must form two good habits: First, you must always attend strictly to your business; and, second, you must subscribe for a newspaper, and read it every day.

Son—Why should I take a newspaper?

Father—Because if you are not known as a newspaper reader, you will be constantly called away from your business to serve on juries.

## NOT RESPONSIBLE

Employee—Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately.

Manager of Works—Very sorry, Miller, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to its employees when off duty.

## THE REASON

"What's the trouble about that salute?" asked the impatient warrior.

"There's a slight delay. A search is being made."

"You haven't mislaid the cannon, have you?"

"No. But we can't find our handbook of etiquette."

## HOLIER THAN THOU

Some men expect their neighbors to be a little better than their neighbor's neighbor.

## AN EARLY SPRING

Notwithstanding the fact that the Old Farmer's Almanac tells us "About this time expect—" weather of one sort or another, the truth of the matter is that the science of weather prognostication is not yet an exact one, though it is nearer to it than it was years ago when a methodical observation of the elements was first instituted. However, it can be said for a certainty that a bent pin cunningly placed in the country schoolmaster's chair is a sign of an early, forward spring.

## THE SPITEFUL UMBRELLA

I pity the man who is stout;  
Who thinks he is in when he's out,  
When it rains and he pulls his umbrella  
alack,

It gathers the drops just to pour down his  
back.

As he tries to keep dry on his head and his  
chest,

He is certainly thoroughly "soaked" on the  
rest

Of his portly anatomy, still sticking out,  
Oh! I pity, I pity, the man who is stout!

## ANOTHER VIEW OF IT

"The early bird catches the worm," observed the sage.

"Yes," replied the fool, "but look how much longer he has to wait for dinner time."

## OUTRAGEOUS

"What makes you so late?" asked his mother.

"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnnie.

Mother—And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812. It's an outrage to treat a child that way.

## SOMETHING IN ITS FAVOR

"My motor car set fire to the garage and then went out and struck a man," said Mr. Stubbins.

"Arson and assault?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes. It seems to have all the vices. About the only thing I can think of in its favor is that it doesn't use profanity."

## BITTER PILL

"Doctor," said the druggist, "this is a bitter mess you have ordered for Mr. Webb."

"I know it is."

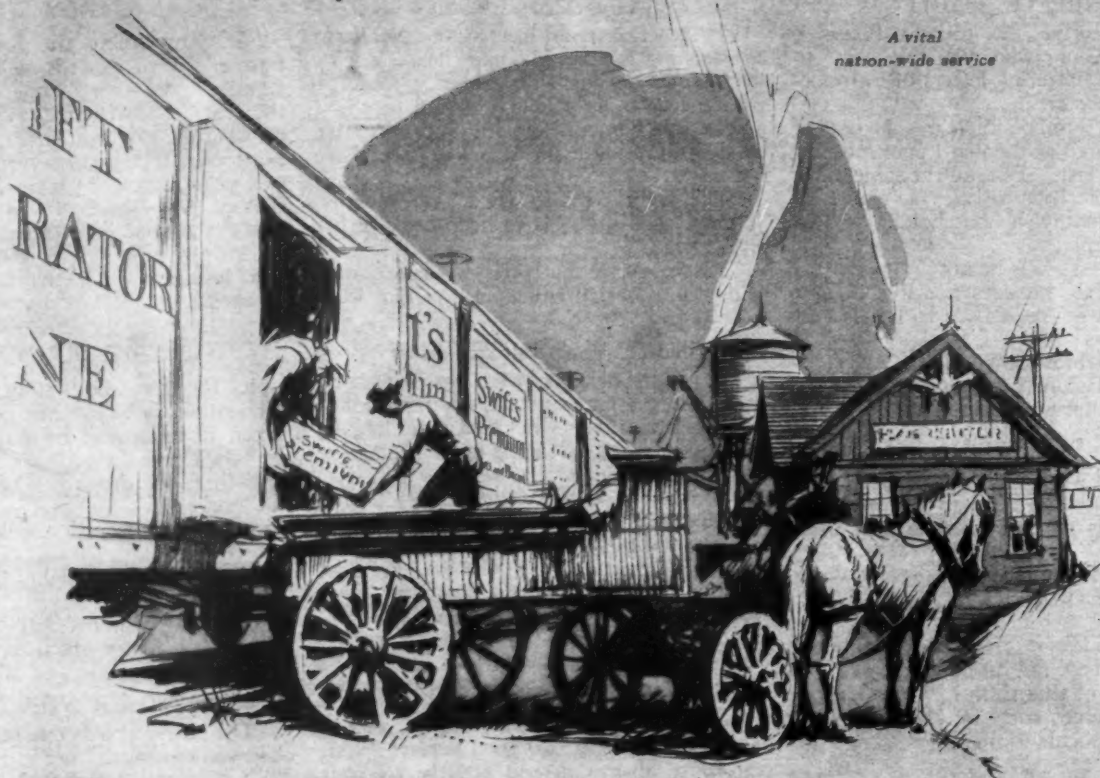
"What are you trying to cure?"

"Trying to cure him of calling me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with him."



# SWIFT

A vital  
nation-wide service



## No village too small

In Swift & Company's code of service, Flag Center, Ill., is quite as important as Boston, Mass.

Refrigerator cars carrying the finest meats, Premium Hams and Bacon, Brookfield Butter and Eggs, etc., make scheduled stops at thousands of small towns, once or twice, or even three times each week.

Retail meat dealers simply give their orders to our salesmen. Orders are transmitted to our plants where cars are loaded promptly and sent out on regular trains.

When goods are unloaded at local stations, draymen deliver them to retailers. Swift & Company has arranged that in advance.

This direct distribution to retailers is performed by our "car route" organization. It widens the market for farmers' live stock and makes it possible for the smallest towns and villages to get the same variety and quality of products that are supplied to the largest cities.

Wherever the rails reach, Swift service extends.



### Swift & Company

*Founded 1862*

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

## Travel and Resort Section

### Where Are You Going This Winter?

Florida  
California  
Bermuda  
England Hawaii  
Scotland  
Holland  
Sweden Norway  
Denmark  
France Belgium  
Switzerland  
Italy  
Spain  
Poland  
North Africa  
Greece  
Australia Egypt  
New Zealand  
Manchuria  
Korea  
The Holy Land  
and Syria

All beckon to you with their own peculiar lure. Wherever it may be, in the following pages you will find valuable information and suggestions regarding how to go and where to stay

### Jerusalem—the City of David

By THE EDITOR

*Another installment of the fascinating account of Mr. Chapple's recent trip through the Near East and the heart of the Holy Land.*

JERUSALEM distinctly is not golden, nor is it at all beautiful, seen at the close range that I looked upon it in the latter days A.D. 1924.

And yet the ancient city has another phase for contemplation. The Jew sings of his ancient capital; the Christian associates it inextricably with his faith, but apart from purely religious, historical, philosophic, metaphoric and creedal considerations, there is another outstanding part played by the City of David. It is the fact that Jerusalem since it was built has been the objective of more wars than any other place on earth. Even in our own day, during the last war, the old city, after some stirring fighting, was removed from the mailed fist of Germany and the Turks and given over to the control of Britain, under whose hand the Jew, the Moslem and the Christian are today maintaining all the conflicts of old—in mental reservation at least.

Jerusalem the bloody; where war had its genesis and wherein the great prophet, general, and leader, Moses, first laid down the axioms of bloody contests in details which war engineers still follow minutely, was founded in 1913 B.C., ages before Romulus and Remus established the city of Rome, and it was taken, in 1451 B.C., by Joshua who slew its king. Four hundred years later, King David captured the city and made it his capital. Solomon here built his temple, and for another long period the city prospered and grew mighty—and wicked. Isaiah and Ezekial thundered their wrath upon their people; more terrific scourgings never were given than those awful maledictions poured out by the two great prophets, who were specific and frank, as the Old Testament tells us.

The Persian King, Chosroes, took the city with dreadful slaughter, in 614 A.D. The Roman Emperor Heraclius retook the city fourteen years later, and then came the long sequence of tragedies with Jerusalem alternately the prey of Christian and Saracen, cycle after cycle.

As I neared the city with mixed emotions, spiritual thoughts naturally crowding each other for dominance, there persisted the reminder that I was nearing earth's greatest battlefield, the home of many wars, the stormiest strife-ground earth ever knew—and yet the Holy City!

Then I thought of the sixth bondage, most

bitter of all the period of slavery of the Jews; I reflected on the compact between God and Abraham, and it flashed on me that God is not mocked, and that His punishments are dreadful, part of His immutable laws by which He rules His universe, including our little world. There passed in my mind the stories of the colossal massacres, the slaughter of a half million men, women and children when Jereboam lost his country; of another butchery of half a million when Abijah defeated Israel. There came to me, too, a sense of that awe that stayed the hand of Alexander, the world conqueror, at Jerusalem, when the high priest subdued his spirit and the great warrior offered sacrifice to the God of the Jews and departed. I thought of the passage in history telling of the 580,000 Jews slain by other foes. Then that most awful massacre in history, in the year 70 A.D., when Titus took Jerusalem, sacked and burned the city and the temple and killed 1,100,000 Jews in one fell swoop.

And yet—Jerusalem and the Jew have survived. But enough of history.

Nearing the city further concept of present times soon crowded out further reflections on the past.

The train swept over the grade crossing, an automobile shot by ahead—just missed it—as at any American railroad crossing massacring its thousands of victims. Now I was jolted into a present tense of wonderment.

Reverently I closed my eyes when Sadulah, in sepulchral tones, told me we were about to look upon the Holy City. I had conjured up a vision of biblical life that was a memento of my childhood study of Sunday School papers.

And this was Jerusalem!

When I opened my eyes, irregular rows of substantially built houses of brick and cement, and newly roofed houses with red tiles met my gaze. Here and there were tiny, snuggling bungalows with overhanging roofs recalling the scenes in Switzerland and California. From the suburban heights the outline of the turreted old walls, minarets and towers of the City of David was first viewed in the lengthened shadows of a glorious September morning.

Bathed in clouds of yellow dust, Jerusalem, the Golden, in the garish leaden light failed to fill the imaginative picture. In the Spring months the





© Underwood &amp; Underwood

**THE POOL OF BETHESDA**, at Jerusalem, in olden days having five porches wherein lay a great multitude of the blind, deaf and the withered, waiting for the moving of the water. "For an angel went down at a certain time into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had"

land undergoes a metamorphosis. Then, the mountains are green and the earth is gay with the blossoms of the three thousand varieties of flowers that adorn the plains and hills of the ancient home of the Israelites.

At the station we intruded upon a scene of commotion that seemed out of place in the slow moving Orient. "Tourist contractors" were busy capturing "prospects" and describing in glowing and picturesque terms their respective itineraries. They seemed out of patience with the haste-loving Americans who were trying to cut down the time ordinarily required to see the various points of interest.

One American banker who had come in on our train insisted upon "doing" the whole of Palestine in one day.

"Why," he protested, "in a rubberneck wagon I can do the whole of New York in that time!"

There had not been much to see of Jerusalem from the train, and now in a taxicab whizzing through a barrage of dust and dashing over an old stone bridge, I came close to the irregular walls enclosing the old Holy City nestling just below the railroad station.

The motor brakes were set suddenly before the Hotel Allenby, located at the Flat Iron Triangle on the side hill. The hostelry was named for the British general who drove the Turks out of Palestine. It is located at the top of Jaffa

Road in Jerusalem which leads down to the Jaffa Gate from the outskirts to the old city. As we entered, servants of the hotel in their picturesque fezzes and long skirts gave us all the deference due a potentate. They took my black suit case and solemnly motioned me to follow while the clerk blotted my signature and made a notation in Hebrew beside it. Scarcely a word was spoken. There was not a moment to be wasted, for I wanted to go inside the old walls at once before the Mosque closed.

Many of the most interesting sights must be visited on foot, so I immediately started toward the old city in order to do as much of the sight-seeing before the blaze of midday as possible.

Walking toward old Jerusalem is far from a pleasant afternoon stroll. The cobble stones and the rough, narrow hilly streets of the city outside, make it difficult for the carriages, drawn by two alleged horses, to climb, especially with as bulky a cargo as myself inside. After three attempts to make the grade, I got out and walked. Here and there were evidence of a building boom. There were several business blocks being constructed among the low, rambling, flat-roofed structures that made them seem comparatively almost like skyscrapers.

Approaching the grim old mountain of masonry is an inherent part of history. I wanted to hear the "sermons from these ancient stones" and feel the cold chill of their surface. Various eras of occupation are as clearly defined as geological strata. The walls constructed by the nations that have conquered Jerusalem stand out in clear relief. The rocks restored by the Romans were solid and massive. Those of the Hebrews, more aged and mottled, were revealed as vividly as the layers in a chocolate cake. Captured fifty different times by conquering armies, according to historical chronicles, before Allenby took possession, there remain these stolid mementoes of warring humanity for thirty centuries past.

Somehow I was first drawn irresistibly toward the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which is supposed to mark the spot where Christ was crucified. With a candle I went into the crypt and on my knees touched the hole where stood the cross that has radiated its light through the ages. This was one place in Jerusalem that commanded the complete reverence of Mark Twain in years ago. Wandering back I passed through the Via Dolorosa and stopped at the Five Stations of the Cross. With me was the constant procession of pilgrims from all parts of the world that continues throughout the year. Merchants were sitting grimly squat-fashion in their cave-like shops, while Moslems were kneeling and facing Mecca here and there by the wayside.

The ring of the hammer on the anvil came to me as I passed through the narrow street, and a moment later I looked in upon an old-time smithy and gunshop combined, and there shone the heirloom blades of Damascus steel. A grist mill, with women and children huddled together awaiting their meal, handling the kernel in small measures, continued the same methods that have been the custom for centuries past, except that there was an electric motor to turn the wheels. Everywhere were indescribable filth and mingled offensive odors in the grotto-like streets in which the activities of the city were huddled.

As I made one sharp turn from the tiny flour mill, I came upon the house of the rich man from whom Lazarus begged the crumbs of bread. The house bridges the street near the site of the

## PARK AVENUE HOTEL

4th Avenue, from 32nd to 33rd Streets, New York  
(Subway Entrance at Door)

**ONE** of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres, and in the heart of the wholesale district. Less than 50c taxi fare (one or more persons) from either railway terminal. Surface cars pass door.

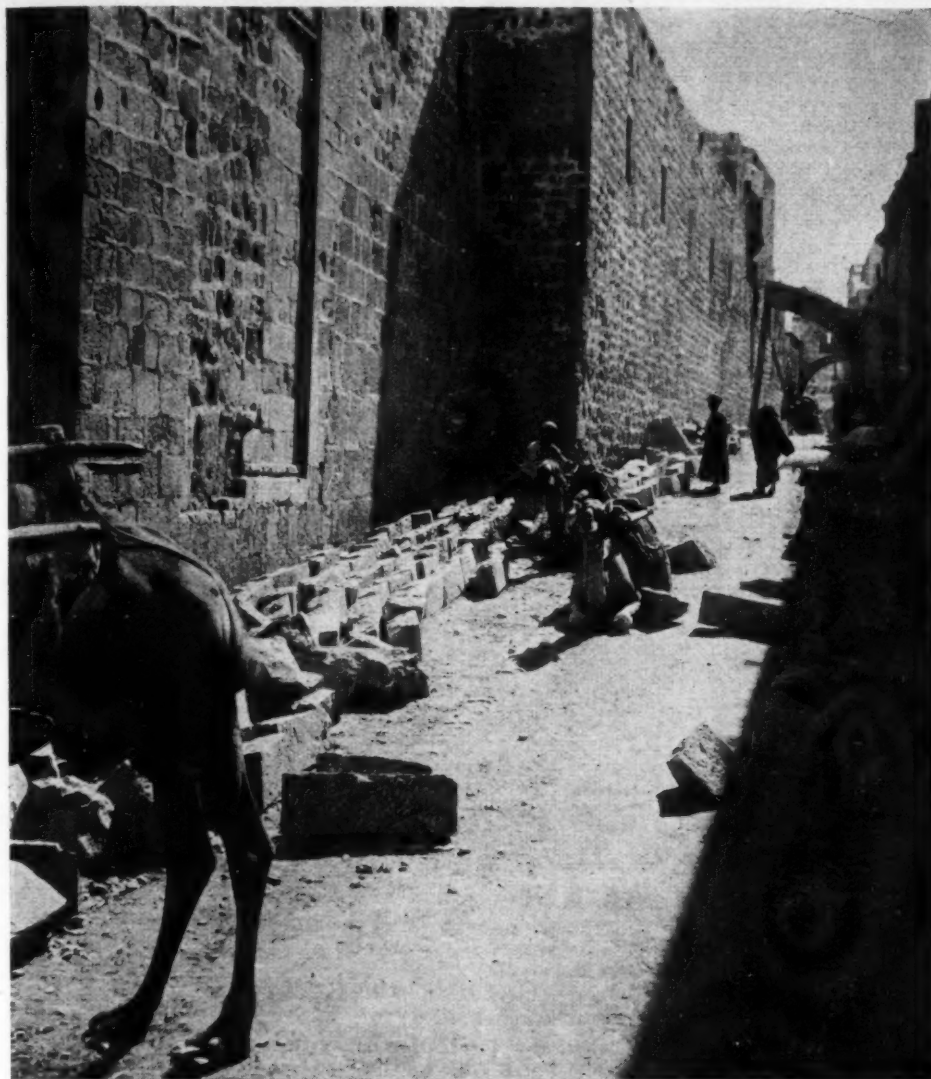
### PRICES FOR ROOMS

100 single rooms . . . . .	\$2.50 per day
250 double rooms . . . . .	\$4.00 per day and upward
Single rooms with bath . . . . .	\$4.00 per day and upward
Double rooms with bath . . . . .	\$5.00 per day and upward

### POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT

The **SUNKEN PALM GARDEN** is surrounded by Dining Balconies

**GEORGE C. BROWN**



© Underwood &amp; Underwood

**THE SECOND STATION OF THE CROSS, Jerusalem.** Along this way passed that most tragic and epochal procession in all the long history of the world. Christ on his way to be crucified, attended by a rabble of followers: some sorrowful, pitying; some scornful, gloating. This spot, so intimately connected with the story of the last agony of the Saviour, is one of those milestones in human history that not all the ages yet to come shall serve to fade from the memory of man.

shop where the merchant jeered and kicked at the Master as He was passing bearing His cross on the way to the Crucifixion. For punishment he was condemned to continue life on earth until the second coming of the Messiah. It was he who became the "Wandering Jew," and his experiences, as portrayed by Eugene Sue, foreshadowed the fate of his people wandering among the nations of the earth.

Some of the streets in old Jerusalem have never had a touch of sunlight since they were built. Successive flights of stairs, called streets, lead down into seething, crooked, dark passages lined with cavern-like shops. On either side are the inevitable bakeshops, displaying all sorts of pancakes, a blacksmith shop, the carpenter's shop, the shoe shop and the corner grocery store—all intermingled like a department store run wild.

Inside the tiny crevices that rent for business quarters, all kinds of foods and sweets were on show. Hawkers were shouting out their praise of a small myriad of gaudy pieces of apparel. To the inhabitants of the East it may have been a gay scene, but to me, with my western point of view, it was melancholy. The sad faces of the

people, who seemed to cling to the old niches and holes they inhabit in the city of Jerusalem are a haunting memory. They are as fond of their haunts as we of the Western World are of our apartment houses, boulevard mansion, tenement buildings, or cozy bungalows. Home is home to them, as it is to us, when the rent comes due.

What are those strange sounds? It was in a minor key without one sound seemingly related to another. In the distance I looked upon the Wailing Wall, where the children of Israel gather every Friday to bemoan the destruction of their holy temple and supplicate His aid in restoring it to them. The weird and mournful chanting lingers long in the memory and calls to mind the expiation of the Israelite, who through long centuries has striven and fought for the restoration that may soon become a reality. Nevertheless, one American Jew I met was far from willing to remain in the Holy Land. He was praying, he told me in East-Side dialect, to get back to America.

"Bring me back to dear old New York and I'll never complain of anything again—and pay my taxes in advance."

Making our way to the thirty-five acres of the

## On your travels anywhere— always "Cheque" out before you start

**"Chequing" out means:** Chequing your money—protecting it against loss or theft—by changing it into a form of traveling funds which, if lost or stolen, loses you nothing and which is acceptable everywhere—spendable anywhere.

**"Chequing" out means:** Protecting yourself against the unexpected and the unknown in traveling by securing the helpful, personal service of 26,700 Personal Service Stations in the United States and the Service of a chain of internationally famous Headquarters for serving travelers around the world.

**"Chequing" out means** supplying yourself with—

## American Express Travelers Cheques

More than 500,000 travelers used these cheques last year—changing more than 120,000,000 American dollars into this safe and serviceable form of traveling funds—

**Because:** they knew these little sky-blue slips of paper were the *magic* which would secure for them Peace of Mind on their travels.

**Experienced Travelers** at home or abroad always give two pieces of advice:

**1st.** Be sure of the safety and the acceptability of your traveling funds—

**2nd:** When you need dependable suggestions or advice, or a practical, helping hand, anywhere away from home, or personal service of any kind—**look up the American Express Office or representative.**

**Vacations are here.** Whatever your plans, wherever you go, whatever the duration of your holiday—weekends, two weeks, a month—whatever your method of going—walking, motoring, traveling by rail or boat, on land or sea, or up in the air—before you start **"Cheque" out—**

**Change your money** into American Express Travelers Cheques and **see for yourself** what a happy difference 75 cents—the cost of \$100 worth of these cheques—will make in your days—anywhere—away from home.

**FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS  
AND EXPRESS OFFICES**

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations, and itineraries; or plan your trip through American Express Travel Dept., 65 Broadway, N. Y.

## American Express Travelers Cheques



## Your Trip to Europe

YOUR requirements for a European trip, no matter what the time or cost, can be met by the United States Lines.

### First Class

Where price is not an essential factor, the first class cabins and suites provide the utmost in luxury and comfort. Cuisine and service are of the highest possible standard.

### Economy Trips

"Cabin" and second class appeal to those who must consider price and yet desire an unusually comfortable passage. A variety of suggested tours is described in the booklet "Economy Trips to Europe."

### Students' Tours

Tourist cabins (formerly third class), located in exclusive sections of the ship offer unbelievably low rates: for the round trip, New York and Cherbourg \$162 to \$175, including clean, comfortable cabins, excellent food and large deck space. "Student Tours to Europe" is a comprehensive 32-page illustrated booklet giving itineraries, cost, sight-seeing information—based on the experience of thousands of United States Lines' travelers.

### Holy Year Tours

The "Ideal Route" to Rome is via Cherbourg. All United States Lines' ships make this a port of call. The route, ships, and special religious festivities are detailed in the book "Holy Year—Rome—1925."

### Veterans' Tours

For ex-service men and their families: 30-day all-expense trips to France and the Battlefields.

Send the coupon below for illustrated literature on one or all of the above features.

## United States Lines

45 Broadway New York City

Canadian Office  
79 Queen St. W., Toronto  
or your local agent

Managing Operators for

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

To U. S. SHIPPING BOARD  
Infor. Section 5302 Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation booklets checked.

☐ "New York to Europe" ☐ Students' Tours

☐ Holy Year Trips ☐ Veterans' Tours

☐ Economy Trips to Europe

If I go date will be about \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



© Underwood & Underwood

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER, in Joppa where the Apostle Peter tarried for many days. Here he went up upon the housetop to pray, and had a vision; and here the servants of Cornelius the centurion came in search of him and took him on the morrow to the house of Cornelius in Cæsarea. "And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshipped him"

Temple Area, where the Mosque of the Dome covers the site of King Solomon's Temple, I entered a Mohammedan house of worship. The mosque is supposed to have been built over the cornerstone of King Solomon's Temple. Removing my shoes, I entered without being held up for a password. The guide was embarrassed as I marched bravely into the silent temple in my bright yellow socks. The next time I visited a mosque I took care to see that I had a pair of slippers in which I could hide the hole in my socks and save myself the ignominy of displaying my fancy Princeton orange-hued hose without the spirit of the tiger.

In the dome of the mosque covering the temple, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and rebuilt when the Jews returned from their captivity in Babylon, I looked upon the jewels and gold overhead in the dome. The gold was so bright that it had to be dulled with green. The original temple of Solomon was not so great as I had thought in my Masonic dreams and study plans. There was an outer gate with its Herminius in this first conception of a fraternal organization. The dimensions given me were sixty-six feet by one hundred and thirty-three—not large at all when compared with some of our more modern houses of worship.

On the Sacrificial Altar, where Abraham is

said to have stood ready to offer his son Isaac, I felt cold shivers as they pointed out the place where the blood of sacrificial lambs flowed for ages. There was a crypt under the rock in which I met some sturdy Mohammedan boys from Jaffa carrying their shoes upon their backs. They had come to pray here in the darkness and silence of the historic shrine, but they did not forget to pass the contribution box for themselves—and asked for "baksheesh."

A reminder of the Kaiser's visit to Palestine is revealed in the German Wilhelm Kirk. The Sultan of Turkey, then ruler of the Holy Land, spent over five hundred thousand dollars to see that the Imperial Wilhelm had a royal good time. The emperor requested to have the famous Golden Gate, which had been walled up for many hundreds of years, opened for him—but this was refused. For the first time, the Emperor perhaps then realized that there were some things even a Hohenzollern couldn't have in the Holy Land.

Time is a matter of confusion for the foreign visitor in the Holy Land. The Moslem day begins at sunset when a white can still be determined from a black thread. Each point in the progress of the day is the reverse of our own. At six in the morning the Mohammedan observes the noon hour. Added to the Moslem time, and the time of the Jewish and Christians, is the so-

called Mecca time. Every mosque visited had a large old-time "grandfather" clock, which seemed modern in these ancient surroundings. It gives the prayer time in the Holy City of Mecca.

Religious pilgrims are a familiar sight in Jerusalem at all seasons. The high tide is reached at Easter time when the early flowers are a-bloom. They come from all parts of the world. Among those I saw were some Russian women with their high-top boots and long skirts and calico gowns underneath their coats. They had tramped many weary miles. Carpets and rugs provided a lodging place for the night wherever they might spread them.

The temple area is paved with large stones, with here and there a cypress and olive tree, the only living relic of the historic centuries. On one side stand the high walls of the city and the turreted battlements which once resisted the battering rams of invading armies. Over the parapets of those walls I looked down upon a scene, the memory of which will ever abide with me. Before me was spread out the age-old Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its millions of unnamed and unnumbered tombs in which the children of Israel lie buried. From time immemorial it has been the dream of the Jews in every part of the world to have their remains placed within this sacred valley. For thousands of years the rains have washed down those sloping banks and mingled the dust of the people of Abraham's time with that of the modern pilgrims who have journeyed to Jerusalem. In their declining years these Jewish pilgrims long to have the dust of their mortal remains cradled with

that of their fathers in this area of God's Acres.

At high noon the weird, high-pitched chanting of the "Man in the Tower," was calling the faithful followers of the teachings of Mohammed to prayer. There are no bells in the Mohammedan mosques. Music, too, is banished. It is a tenet of the Moslem faith that the human voice is the only means by which the people shall be called to worship. In answer to its sing-song chanting, they flock across the great sacred area to the Mosque of Omar.

Inside the Places of the Area that day there was a motley collection of Mohammedans of both sexes and of every estate. There were men in flowing skirts and silent, veiled women. There were children and old folks, haggard widows in their weeds and sheiks in their flowing gay robes. All had a devout appearance as they touched the ground with their heads and prostrated themselves in their humility before their Maker.

Near the Valley of Jehoshaphat I had some honey served me by one of the long-bearded, reverent looking street venders who was singing out his wares in a high-pitched voice. The honey had the scent of orange blossoms, suggestive of the wedding procession and the white buds adorning the trees in the Valley of Jehoshaphat during the Spring when a myriad of poppies peep out from the centuries-old cemetery and garden walls.

In the near distance is the Mount of Olives, where the Lord's prayer was first given to the world from the lips of Christ. From the top of the Moslem mosque to which we had climbed, we repeated the prayer known to all creeds and races. The Mount is one of the few places authoritatively associated with Christ.

Old Jerusalem itself, at first disappointing, has a lure that grows day by day upon the visitor.

It is difficult to imagine the glory of King Solomon's times at first glance, although below the Mosque of Omar are pointed out the stables in which were kept in readiness for the royal pageants the King's "hundreds of horses." These stables later provided quarters for the gayly caparisoned chargers of the Crusaders.

In the Pool of Bethesda below, pilgrims were washing their feet and sponging their bodies, preparing themselves to enter the holy portals of the Temple. The pool is fed by an iron pipe which brings the water down from the historic River Jordan to Jerusalem and still symbolizes the waters of life to the pilgrim.

Inside the wall I had some sort of a lunch at what might be called a "one-arm joint." A queer place it was. The stove consisted of a slab of stone with holes in the top and on the side. Charcoal, kept burning on the inside, furnished the heat. On this stove the Oriental stack of "griddle cakes" was prepared. There was also a mysterious mixture that reminded me of chop suey. It wasn't half bad, but I couldn't dine with any pleasure because of the cramped position in which I sat cross-legged fashion, for the stools in this Oriental version of a Child's Lunch were scarcely a foot high, and there was no counter or place to file away the spoons and the chop sticks. Imagine a fat man eating with his knees on a level with his mouth! No wonder there is syrup on the vests of the patrons of this Oriental "self-service" emporium.

Passing down the street, toothpicked, a merchant tailor tried to inveigle me into his shop,

## Hotel Sherwin

Chicago's Newest and Most Elegantly  
Appointed Living Place

Beautifully situated directly on the shore of Lake Michigan

### ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Built entirely of steel, re-inforced concrete and stone

OVER 400 GUEST ROOMS, all having an outlook over Lake Michigan or Sheridan Road. Attractions not usually found in American hotels are conspicuous features of the SHERWIN. Sun-bathed promenade over 130 feet long and 70 feet wide.

### Contains Every Known Convenience

of modern metropolitan hotel construction. Luxurious artistic furnishings and equipment, an unobtrusive, but perfect, service.

Transportation facilities exceptionally good—only twenty-five minutes, express service, to the Loop

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

## HOTEL SHERWIN

Vernon C. McGill, Owner and Manager

Sherwin Avenue at Lake Michigan, Chicago

## DE SOTO HOTEL

The Premier Tourist Hotel  
of the South

### Open Throughout the Year

MODERN and Luxurious in its  
Appointments, it Offers an En-  
vironment of Quiet and Refinement.  
A Real Home for the Discriminating  
Tourist. Fireproof in Construction.

European Plan Moderate Terms  
Unequalled Winter Climate

Superior Roads for Automobilists.  
On the Scenic Routes of the South.

Golf—Tennis—Hunting—Fishing  
All Winter Sports

J. B. POUND CHARLES G. DAY  
President Manager

#### Associate Hotels:

Hotel Seminole Hotel Savannah  
Jacksonville, Fla. Savannah, Ga.

Hotel Patten The Annex  
Chattanooga, Tenn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

## A Southland Paradise SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.





Typical of Old England  
On the London and North Eastern Railway

## A magic thread through Britain

It winds out of London town—this magic “thread”—along a pleasant English countryside teeming with literary and historic traditions; through the wooded hills and green meadows of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; past the land of the Pilgrims, where the American nation was conceived; skirting the enchanted River Ouse; to the famous Norfolk Broads, the Yorkshire Moors and Dales, the Northumberland Fells; into the wild beauty of the Scottish Highlands.

It's the route of the London & North Eastern Railway—“The Cathedral Line”—track of the “Flying Scotsman”, shortest and swiftest to Scotland.

If you're going abroad, plan your British tour to follow the magic “thread”—and plan now. Save time and money, and still see everything that matters. Concentrate on the Eastern Counties—the historic side of Britain.

The London & North Eastern Railway's Royal Mail Routes, via Harwich, form the ideal link between England and Continental Europe.

For illustrated booklets and details of special tours for American visitors, communicate with

H. J. KETCHAM, GENERAL AGENT  
London & North Eastern Railway  
311 Fifth Avenue, New York



OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

complimenting the lines of my graceful form. He takes the measure of his customer right on the street, and does his sewing with a tiny, hand run sewing machine. Next door a shoemaker was cutting rubber shoes out of old, discarded rubber tires. Further on tinsmiths were making pots and pans out of old oil cans. The “garbage scow fleet” of New York contains enough material dumped into the sea to supply old Jerusalem with material to keep thousands at their work from sunrise to sunset.

Confidence and mutual reliance, characteristic of American business, was lacking. The shopper here has to follow the old Roman legal maxim of Caveat Emptor, “Let the Buyer Beware.” He insists on seeing what he buys. Flour of the bread he eats is ground before the eyes of the purchaser. But what of that—the story is told that lead pencils have been shipped into the Orient from the Occident only tipped with lead, a swindle that is not forgotten by Orientals.

There is scarcely any wood in Jerusalem and any sort of fuel brings high prices. Fuel vendors with their donkey loads of twigs and branches make every little twig count and it is sold by weight. Most of this fuel comes from the olive trees, and is, in fact, the only dependable source of heat. Even this is so scarce that the women knead their bread at home and carry it to the public ovens where the baker takes his toll in the staff of life.

Coming upon an olive mill near the Pool of Hezekiah, I watched the ancient process of converting the fruit into oil. There was a large man tramping over the mushy mixture in the trough with his bare feet. He drew the oil into a basin from which he poured it through a strainer and then into pots ready for shipment. The olive is the standard product of the Holy Land. The Palestinians use a great deal of oil and spread it on their bread much as the American child does his butter.

Near the town of David I met a black Abyssinian, who had come from far-off Africa, but had also lived in the United States. He was ambling slowly along the street of David, following the wake of pilgrims who had just returned from the River Jordan where they had been baptized. He was chanting one of the old negro songs of plantation days. I accosted him, and he responded, “Boss, I'm a rollin' stone from down in Mobile, could you assist a fellow American with a good dollar as a souvenir.” With a smile showing his teeth, he continued humming.

Trudging behind the pilgrims on to the Tombs of the Kings on the outskirts of the city, I inspected the old graves hewn out of solid rock and barricaded by large stones, reminding one of the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt. Altogether Jerusalem is truly a city of the dead, as the chief points of interest seem to be cemeteries ready for the sight-seeing tourist bus. Close to the Garden of Gethsemane I found the Mohammedan cemetery which includes the Place of the Skull which General Gordon located as the real site of Calvary. The spot he selected as the one where stood the cross of Jesus is surrounded by a wall—and Christians may not enter. In this grotto, with its gloom and chill, Jeremiah is supposed to have written his lamentations, amid appropriate surroundings.

At Saint Stephen's Gate, where the martyr was stoned, we bared our heads and bent in prayer. There were several “Copts” or Christians here who demonstrated for our benefit the manner in which the ancients hurled the fatal stones. We

kept a good distance as they fired their “slingshots.”

Every kind of a religious service seemed to be going on that day and every hour of the day in the Holy City. There were the Salvation Army, Methodists, Catholics, Greek, Roman and Russian Churches, Moslems and Jews. In Jerusalem people pray in every language on earth. Pilgrims walking with staff in hand stopped every now and then to kiss the very stones in the road over which they believed Jesus may have trod. The Stone of Unction where the Virgin Mary stood has been almost worn away by the thousands and thousands of lips that have touched it during the centuries.

In the Greek Church there is a life-size image of the Virgin, literally covered with costly jewels. The image is made of wax and is dressed in satins and silks. In the center of the forehead an oval pearl of lustrous hue sparkles, and on the fingers are scores of rings set with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies.

The oozing dampness of the old catacombs of Jerusalem, where the children of Israel hid themselves when the plundering invaders arrived, smelled like abandoned sewers. The dark passages showed ingenuity in subway construction and there was just a suggestion of the mole-like main traffic lines of New York.

While drinking something called “fruit juice,” I met a Zionist hailing from London. He had many relatives in New York and Chicago, and as we chatted he told of his work in the many colonies that his organization has built up.

“The Jews are coming here from all over the world and they have only begun to come,” he told me. “Up to the time of the Armistice, in 1918, the Jews were not allowed to remain in the Holy Land. They might make a short visit, but if they overstayed, the consul representing their country was notified by the Turkish authorities to tell them to move on. It was the American consul, I think, who broke this custom and refused to inform several Jewish men and women from America that they were no longer desired. He declared that it was against all the laws and beliefs of the nation he represented. After that other consuls fell into line. Now the Jewish people make up nearly one-half the population of Jerusalem and conduct much of its business. The Jews here speak several different languages, although Hebrew is now one of the three official tongues—Hebrew, English and Arabic—and has already to some degree superseded the others. The difference between the Hebrew, the Yiddish and the Jewish language is very distinct.”

Most of the meat in Jerusalem that is eaten by Mohammedans and Christians is kosher Jewish meat. The Jews maintain the only important abattoirs in the city and gladly slaughter the animals of their Christian and Moslem neighbors in order that they may be sure of having only strictly kosher food for themselves.

My Jewish friend conducted me to the top of a new dwelling on the outskirts of the city. From here I gazed over the housetops of which one reads in Holy Writ. That afternoon there seemed to be something of a deep solemnity overhanging the city, in the panorama spread out below. The old Tower of David built ages before Christ, stood like a sentinel. The domes of mosques mingled with the spires of churches. In the far distance in one direction was the great wilderness, never conquered. In the foreground was the house where Pontius Pilate lived at the time of our Saviour. In another direction was the harvest field where an American reaper was lay-

ing low the golden grain and I could see the men in the fields. Close by, Arabs were plowing up the land with rude, rustic plows drawn by camels. They insist the horses walk too fast and that camels are more adapted to their pace.

Beyond, and all about me were the hills of Judea for Jerusalem lies upon a plateau and the side hills. The climate is similar to that of Washington, D. C., and they have to look out for unexpected "Inauguration day" blizzards in March. A few years ago, they had a real American Christmas with plenty of snow—but no Christmas trees. Jerusalem has been on the boom and is increasing in population. The dwellings are of yellow limestone and did not look so cold and cheerless as the older houses. They have the colors of the Spanish domiciles at Miami.

In Jerusalem the work of Nathan Strauss, the eminent American philanthropist, is evident. There are several of his so-called soup kitchens in various parts of the city. Although visitors call them by that name they are in reality relief stations where the general health as well as the food supply for the needy of the Holy Land is provided. No one now goes hungry in the Holy City. About seventeen hundred people are fed and looked after every day in these havens endowed with the funds received from the rentals of a half-million-dollar building in New York City. Three times Mr. Strauss has visited Jerusalem and Palestine. On his latest visit he made a careful inspection of the strictly non-sectarian, and non-racial relief stations established through the warmth of feeling and generosity of his great American heart. The appreciation shown him

by the poor of Palestine and Jerusalem is most gratifying to his countrymen.

Long years ago Nathan Strauss believed that Jerusalem would some day become the great religious educational center of the world. Almost every modern religion in some way has a contact in the Holy City. Some of the dreams of this devout man have been realized in the Hadassah School of Nurses. The University of Palestine is already functioning in various parts of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, and work has already begun upon the buildings which will soon be ready for occupancy.

A thoroughly competent faculty of Jewish and Christian professors from all parts of the world have volunteered their services to the new institution. Professor Einstein, of "Relativity" fame was one of the first to enlist and will be an important member of the teaching staff.

From the humble beginning initiated here in Jerusalem it is hoped will come the dawn of a new era of permanent world peace. There is nothing so conducive to international amity and peace as intelligent religious education. Wars in the past have too often resulted from the conflicts of religion. Permanent peace necessitates a mutual understanding and co-ordination of religious faiths. There is nothing so likely to bring about this sympathetic toleration as a jointly administered university with biblical study a component part of the curriculum. Such study can be carried on to good advantage in Jerusalem—a fitting place for international friendship to crystallize. Jerusalem still remains a source and center of the religions of the world.

A trip to Jerusalem would not be complete

without visiting a Jewish "Shool," or synagogue.

Here I found that the Hebrews, like the Mohammedans, permit nothing but the human voice to be heard in their houses of worship. The tolling of bells, or music of any kind, other than the age-old chants of the choir is banned. The devout, old men, dressed in their white robes and black, tight-fitting skull caps rocked themselves back and forth in their holy fervor, and now and again kissing the hem of their garments, or tapping themselves on their chests with their doubled fists. Everyone prayed aloud, and stood up during the greater part of the service. It was an impressive sight when the cupboard in which the Torah or Holy Scroll is kept, was unveiled, and the queer sheep-skin scroll was withdrawn. It was wound on ornately carved rolls the ends of which projected through the holes in the top of its cloth covering. These wooden projections or knobs were of large size and covered with jewels. It was raised reverently high in the air that all might see it. From all parts of the church the members of the congregation made their way to kiss its holy, embroidered covering. There was more respect and veneration shown that parchment than I had ever before seen given to an inanimate object. The service which was conducted in the ancient Hebrew, came to a close in the usual way, with a prayer for the restoration of Palestine. This prayer is a feature of the Jewish religious services in every part of the world. Long as the Jews have been alienated from the Holy Land, they have kept up their hope of some day rebuilding the Temple and being given their former homeland.



## The MIRAMAR MIAMI, FLORIDA

On the Palm-Fringed Shore of  
**BEAUTIFUL BISCAYNE BAY**

Dedicated to the Comfort and  
Pleasure of a Superior Clientele

**Fireproof**

**Season—December 20th to April**

**EVERY RECREATION  
BOATING**

**UNSURPASSED GOLF  
BATHING**

*Under Personal Management of Henry N. Teague*

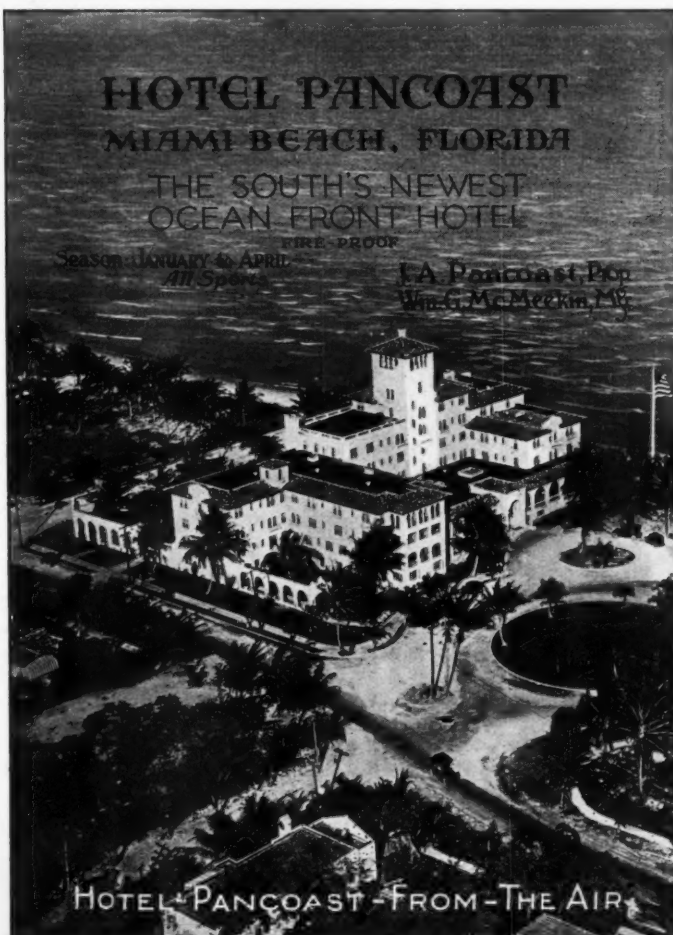
**Summer Resort, GREYLOCK HOTEL**  
Williamstown, Mass.

## HOTEL PANCOAST MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

THE SOUTH'S NEWEST  
OCEAN FRONT HOTEL

SEASON JANUARY to APRIL  
All Spas

J.A. Pancoast, Prop.  
Wm. G. McMeekin, Mgr.





When the first star appears the Jews begin. Our Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, and it is also the holy day of the Moslems. The Jews desist from their labors and business from Friday evening until Saturday night. Consequently, business in Jerusalem is a sort of continuous performance. Some of the booths are closed on Saturday, some on Sunday—but Monday morning Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan and all the Gentiles are back on the job trying to make up for the time spent in devotions.

On my return to the hotel I could see the pools of Saloom which furnish the water supply for the city of Jerusalem. These pools are ancient in name but modern in construction. Many such modern construction schemes have been undertaken. There is already a plan afoot to dam the waters of the Jordan and develop water power as the river passes on its way from Galilee to the depths of the Dead Sea, which may make electric light as common and cheap as at Niagara Falls, and fulfill the first command in Genesis—

"Let there be light!"

When I finally reached the Allenby Hotel I was as tired as any fellow pilgrim from far-off lands. Out of my window I looked upon the evening star glowing like a diadem in the crown of the Queen of Night. The Milky Way seemed filled with great fireflies lighting a luminous lane through which the planets passed on through infinite space. The moon came out and placidly smiled, kindly and familiarly, down upon the scene, while Jerusalem, the Golden, slumbered in silvery silence.

## LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY "Track of the Flying Scotsman"

YORK

YORK is almost without a rival for the great variety of historical monuments it possesses. The city is amazingly picturesque, and is so rich in great events of English history that almost every inch is haunted, hallowed ground. Possessing still its gleaming girdle of white stone walls rising to their crenellated parapets from a steep slope of emerald turf, one finds the place more convincingly mediæval in its atmosphere than perhaps any other English town. Portions of these walls, including a great, many-sided tower, belong to the Roman Castrum, where first the IXth, and afterwards the VIth Legion had its permanent base, all through the four centuries when Britain was an integral portion of the Roman Empire. The museum, in the beautiful grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, contains a notable collection of objects of the Roman period. Four almost theatrically fine gateways adorn the city walls, from which (near Monk Bar) one has one of the best views of the Minster. The central tower (perpendicular) is one of the noblest in the land. The vastness and splendid dignity

of the interior of this venerable pile is almost without a rival. In the Minster it is possible to study every period from the Saxon and Norman of the crypt to the first period of Gothic in the wonderfully beautiful chapter-house and the north transept, with its amazing "Five Sisters" window, and so through the Decorated period to the latest phases of Perpendicular. The windows contain some of the finest and earliest glass in Europe. They are now being very carefully restored, their condition having become dangerously fragile.

The many churches of York belong to every period, including one, the tower of which, is mainly constructed of worked-up Roman materials. To study these fine examples of Yorkshire church building, and then to visit the Guildhall, St. William's College, the old houses of Petergate and Stonegate, the King's Manor (on the site of the house of the abbots of St. Mary's Abbey), the Merchant Venturers' Hall, and finally the Castle on its artificial mound, is a generous education in English architecture, and few can come away from York without a deepened sense of history and a keener interest in the preservation of ancient buildings and the romantic atmosphere which they alone can produce.

For *American Travelers* the hotel at York is "Royal Station Hotel," owned and operated by the London & North Eastern Railway Company.

## The Heart of the Holy Land

*Continued from page 300*

days' traveling for him in his mire-covered buggy. He has established relief stations and fed the poor in Palestine. With his famous pasteurized milk for the children, he has saved the lives of untold thousands.

The work of the great American altruist evoked the enthusiasm of the late Lord Northcliff in a hearty support of the Zionist movement. The late journalist declared afterwards that the one place that had enthralled him of all he had visited in his trip around the world was Palestine and Trans-Jordania. Day after day he rode in automobiles over the arid deserts. His chauffeur, who drove the machine in which I rode, told me that on the trip, Lord Northcliff baptized himself in the waters of the Jordan, as if in preparation for the voyage to the great Beyond, which he felt he was soon to make.

There are as many Christians as Jews in Palestine, and about three times as many Arabs.

"We don't want to drive the Arabs out," said a prominent Zionist whom I met at Tel-Aviv.

"That would be too much like the South of the United States driving out the negroes. They are indigenous to the soil and to the country. They own much of the land and there is a feeling that under the new order of things the Semitic races will be able to amalgamate as far as living in peace

and harmony with a common interest is concerned. We have already succeeded in reestablishing the use of the original Hebrew language."

All signs are printed in Arabic, Hebrew and English. The later day Hebrew pioneers have come from all over the world to assist in the rebuilding of the homeland. They are digging ditches, working on the roads and in the fields, clearing and draining the swamps, constructing and planting and harvesting. A large number of these people are young college men and women who have never before engaged in manual labor. The struggles these colonists are waging against a long neglected soil, against the ravages of disease, and the inroads of marauders, is stupendous, but great as are the difficulties, greater, more inspiring is the reward: a uniting people, a living tongue, and a glorious land—a just heritage of faith and worship in the Living God!

Think of a motor ride of less than a day from "Dan to Beersheba," a distance equal to that from New York to Albany. At the site of the village called "Dan," there was a grassy plot amid a few trees which reminded one of the lines of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." There was practically nothing to see, but I was imbued with the zest of the hunt for places of historic interest.

At Cana, we drank from the spring from which it is said, the water was secured that Christ turned into wine. It was about the only spot that seemed more prosperous than in the days when the miracles were performed. Here they still use the ancient limestone mortar in their masonry. They store their water and liquor, ancient-fashion, in stone jars, and yet prohibition is ages-old among the Moslam citizens of Cana.

There is not much at Beersheba to indicate that it is the terminal point referred to in the oft-heard expression of today—from "Dan to Beersheba"; but I felt, as I stretched out in that little old hotel—if this is Beersheba—that is enough!

Tomorrow I was to look upon Jerusalem, the Golden.

## The Universal Distributors

*Continued from page 315*

Its application to our modern business ills would cure the most of them. We agree with our Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Herbert Hoover, who says, in his recent annual report, "By well directed economic forces, by co-operation in the community, we cannot only maintain our American standards, but improve them."

In conclusion, let us not forget that H. S. McCauley has it right when he says: "This is the age of publicity, that mysterious, yet visible, force that is gradually changing the thoughts and habits of the world."

In 1925 it is expected that the annual advertising bill will reach \$1,000,000,000 and that by 1930 it will go to \$2,000,000,000, and if we are going to meet the keen competition that this great expenditure means will be ours to meet then we must know the laws governing this great force and understand how to apply them to our business and to our community.

The writer knows of no better way to start than by circulating this story. Therefore:

Readers are requested to ask their local editors to publish this story in full, giving credit to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. It is to their interest to do this. Where this cannot be accomplished, reprints will be furnished in quantities of one thousand or over, at cost of printing, by Fred High, 115 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

—EDITOR.

# SHORT SEA TRIPS

Norfolk, Va.  
Virginia Beach, Va.  
Richmond, Va.  
Washington, D. C.

VIA OLD  
DOMINION  
LINE

COMBINING the delights of a bracing ocean voyage with interesting sightseeing ashore.

Returning All Water or Rail

An Ideal Autumn and Winter Outing  
From New York, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. From Norfolk, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.  
With frequent additional sailings

J. J. Brown, Gen. Pass. Agent  
Gen. Offices, Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.



### What's Wrong With Shorthand

*Executives say:—*

- "She's busy now. Let it go."
- "Has all she can write today."
- "I used up her time dictating."
- "Interruptions hold her up."
- "She can't get out all she's taken."
- "She can't help me with other things."
- "I'm forced to cut dictation short."

### Thomas W. Russell

is one of the foremost insurance men in Hartford, "the insurance capital of America." He does not allow shorthand to vex him or curb his energy.

### What's Wrong With Shorthand

*Secretaries say:—*

- "No time for real secretarial work."
- "Shorthand is nothing to boast of."
- "Its routine kills my ambition."
- "Strained attention leaves me fagged."
- "Cold notes are maddening."
- "The 3 to 5 pressure is terrific."
- "The other girls can't help me out."
- "Yes, I do mind staying late."

## Shorthand no longer hampers this man

How much more work is turned out by a man who uses The Dictaphone than by a man of equal ability who clings to shorthand?

SOME say 50 per cent. more—others claim more than that.

Thomas W. Russell didn't know.

But he did know that the insurance business of Allen, Russell & Allen was stepping fast. That competition was terrific. That other interests were crying for more attention. Whenever he had to be out of the office the greater part of a day he had batches of left-over dictation to get through on the following morning before he could tackle the new day's work.

A generation ago, the shorthand

invention may have seemed startling in its speed and efficiency. But it is far too old-fashioned for such a modern office as Thomas W. Russell's.

Miss Reardon agreed with him. She saw that at last there was a chance to do more than stenographic work—a chance to do real secretarial work.

So today Thomas W. Russell enjoys a freedom from delays and enslaving routine which are hampering other executives. The Dictaphone has increased his working capacity, broadened Miss Reardon's usefulness to him and to herself.

Unquestionably, The Dictaphone is one of the factors responsible for Mr. Russell's writing more insurance last year than any broker in Connecticut.

Our fathers scorned the typewriter—until they gave it a fair trial. It is certain that many executives who have never used The Dictaphone are likewise skeptical. We ask them to see if this skepticism is justified. The Dictaphone will be lent to any executive who wants to try it out. It can be kept until he finds out at his leisure what a great help it is. Notify the Dictaphone office nearest you and have one sent today. It places you under no expense or obligation.

An  
Invitation  
to Skeptics

For local office look in  
your Telephone Book

DICTAPHONE  
SALES CORP'N  
154 Nassau Street  
New York City

# DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done







VOL. LII. No. 8  
New Series

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*

MARCH, 1925



## Articles of Timely Interest

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>Affairs at Washington</b>..... 339</p> <p>JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE</p> <p>Inauguration Day, 1925, passes into history</p> <p>Swearing in new Senators</p> <p>The Inauguration marked by simplicity and quietness</p> <p>Prince Habib Lottfallah addresses the American Pen Women</p> <p>Dr. Robert H. Goddard plans to shoot a rocket to the moon</p> <p>Mrs. Alton B. Parker directs annual Vermont and Massachusetts Day</p> <p>Great stir in the New York literary world about the Fabian novels</p> <p>Secretary of War Weeks fond of attending meetings of veterans</p> <p>A Senator offers advice to the Editor</p> <p>Congressman John G. Cooper tells a railroad story</p> <p>The eclipse of 1925 has created a great interest in astronomy</p> <p>Defining a "Mugwump"</p> <p>A classic hunting story</p> <p>Praying for rain when what is needed is manure</p> <p>Pirie MacDonald becomes a Free Stater</p> <p>Senator Borah asks for an early extra session to consider farm aid measures</p> <p><b>Night Life in Damascus</b>..... 345</p> <p>Scenes in the oldest inhabited city in the world</p> <p><b>"The Mayflower"—Queen of Hotels</b>..... 347</p> <p>JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE</p> <p>Washington's newest and most magnificent hotel</p> <p><b>Playgrounds a Right of American Children</b>..... 351</p> <p>August Heckscher, New York philanthropist, equipping them</p> <p><b>The Head of the Secret Service</b>..... 352</p> <p>John Edgar Hoover conducts the Bureau of Investigation on business lines</p> <p><b>Face to Face with Celebrities</b>..... 353</p> <p>Princess Bibesco acquiring a reputation as a writer</p> <p>Johnny Weismuller, the swimming marvel</p> <p>Zona Gale finds all the world to be a "Friendship Village"</p> | <p><b>Face to Face with Celebrities (continued)</b></p> <p>William H. Johnston led the La Follette brigade</p> <p>Clark Howell, of the <i>Atlanta Constitution</i>, a Southerner of note</p> <p>Wayne B. Wheeler, the Prohibition watchdog</p> <p>Kathleen Norris, of California, writes novels and raises prunes</p> <p>Allan Dwan, noted motion-picture director</p> <p><b>Rhebat Fabric Attracting Attention</b>..... 357</p> <p>The lost art of treating China grass revived</p> <p><b>The World's Greatest Print Shop</b>..... 359</p> <p>Government Printing Office at Washington a busy place</p> <p><b>Did It Pay?</b>..... 361</p> <p>FREDERICK B. PATTERSON</p> <p>The trade crusade of the National Cash Register Company</p> <p><b>On to Houston—Let's Go!</b>..... 365</p> <p>CHARLES PORTER TINDLEY</p> <p>The Advertising Men of the World will gather in Texas in May</p> <p><b>Giving Boys and Girls a Chance!</b>..... 366</p> <p>C. Baxter Peyton, field agent for a wider education</p> <p><b>The President's New Secretary</b>..... 367</p> <p>Everett Sanders assumes that very exacting job</p> <p><b>Sending Pictures by Wire and Radio</b>..... 369</p> <p>One more dream of the "impossible" becomes a fact</p> <p><b>Tickling the Nation—Humor</b>..... 371</p> <p><b>Two Careers are Every Man's Right</b>..... 372</p> <p>Martin Beck amasses a fortune and then realizes his dream of beauty</p> <p><b>Syria—Land of Desolation</b>..... 377</p> <p>The Editor's rambles in the Levant</p> |
|--|--|

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, *President*      JOHN C. CHAPPLE, *Vice-President*      JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, *Treasurer*

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U.S.A.

★ A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired

Copyright, 1925, Chapple Publishing Company, Limited